

CUPID's Decoy:  
OR, THE  
F'atal Snare.

SHEWING

The *Miserable* Condition most Men  
are under in the  
STATE of MATRIMONY.

The Man is curst who takes a *Sbrew*,  
As Partner of his *Bed*;  
This *All* Men know, as well as *Tou*,  
Yet who forbears to *Wed*?

*Written by a Gentleman who has wofully  
Experienced the sad Consequences of  
Rash and Inconsiderate Marriage.*

THE THIRD EDITION.

London: Printed for JOHN MARSHALL,  
at the *Bible* in *Grace-Church-Street*.  
(Price 1 s.)







# TO THE READER.

**S**INCE Prefaces are become so common, It will therefore (according to Custom) be expected that I give some prefatory Account of my self, and of the following Sheets, which

I think is very necessary for my own Reputation, as well as the Satisfaction of the Reader; for some may imagine me to be a common Scribler, or a poor mercenary Hackney Poet, and that I write this Invective (as they will be sure to call it) only to get Bread to silence the Clamours of my croaking Guts, rather than to reform Proud, Peevish, Arrogant, Sluttish, Scolding and Lewd Women, which I do assure them is false. For,

Know all Men and Women, by these Presents, that I am nobly descended, but from what Lord and Lady, I hold it not proper at present to tell you; perhaps you'll say then, that I am ashamed, as being some By-Blow of the Lord knows who, begot upon some Lady of Pleasure, the Lord knows where; and so you may if you please, for, Stoick-like, can bear any Misfortune; and harder Conjectures than these, cannot shock a

*Temper like mine, whose Reason has been thoroughly rectify'd by a dear-bought Experience. So that this may suffice for the Account of my self.*

*As for my Book, some contented Cuckold, or demure sly She-Sinner, may ask, To what End I write it? To whom I answer, Why may not I gratify my Itch, as well as they theirs? I write it, therefore, to Scratch and Claw such miserable Wretches, who, like my self, have rashly plung'd themselves into the Quagmire of Matrimony; and also to warn unwary Youth, that they slip not into the like unhappy State.*

*I would not be understood here, to inveigh against Marriage in General, no, far from it; for I own it to be of Divine Institution, approv'd on by all Nations, enjoin'd by our Laws, and 'tis necessary it should be so, to restrain the extravagant Lust, and give a Check to the exorbitant Passions of the wild and hot-headed Youth of both Sexes. And indeed, it is an Holy-State, (tho' miraculous) where Persons are equally join'd in respect of Years, Birth, Constitution and Fortunes; and are both alike Loving, Wise, Constant and Good-condition'd, who indeed only, can be accounted Happy; and among the Multitude of Miserable, there are a few such.*

*To be serious, The Unhappiness of Youth in this State, is mostly owing to themselves; they are made so through their own Obstinacy and*  
*Rashness;*

*Rashness; and 'tis for want of Consideration, that they have not a right Notion of Love; for if they had, they would not slight and contemn the wholesome Advice of those who have fully experienced the Mischiefs of inconsiderate Marriage. Nor, with the Kite, which swoops to any Carrion, let loose their Hearts to be captivated by some wanton fair; and contemn the Advice of their best Friends: For nothing is more common now a Days, than to hear a young Fellow say, You may as well hold your Peace, or keep your Breath to cool your Pottage, for I am resolv'd to have her, tho' she has not a Smock to her Back, or a Shoe to her Foot. And a silly raw Wench, to cry out, and say, Have him I will, if I am forc'd to beg with him, So that it is evident, for one prudent and considerate Match, made with the Advice and Consent of Friends and Relations, there are a Hundred that are made otherwise.*

*In short, what Regret must it be to a married Man, to find his little Pleasure terminate in so short a Space; and when he calls to Mind the Oaths and Promises his subtle Deceiver made him, when they were upon making one another Sure, as they call it; and upon Sealing and Delivery; and, like the loving Fools in Don Quevedo, crying out, I am thine (says one) and thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell take me: But be sure you are Constant: Yes, yes, cries the other, or may my Soul*

Soul never enter into the Kingdom of Heaven: *I say, these must be very anxious Remembrances, when there is a Defection in the State of Wedlock, which should be wholly made up with all that is Agreeable.*

*Would young Men, (as I earnestly advise them) consider seriously this important Choice, they would not stand condemned to Repentance all their Lives; especially since there is no Redemption but by the Death of one of them. And Women, in this State, are worse than Pirates; for a Gally Slave may compound for his Freedom; but there is no Hopes of Ransom out of the Fatal Snare of Wedlock into which the little wanton Cupid has Decoy'd them.*



CUPID'S



# CUPID's Decoy:

OR, THE

## Fatal Snare.

### CHAP. I.

*The Folly and Extravagancy of most Men in Courtship; with the fatal Consequences which attend those who have intolerable Proud and Imperious Wives.*



THE extravagant Passion which both Sexes have for the *Naked Enjoyment* of each Other, may be suppos'd equally alike: But if it be stronger in either, 'tis on the Side of the *Fair-Sex*: So that call it *LOVE*, or any other softer Term, 'tis really nothing else but a violent *Lust* after *Venery*, which raging in the *Blood*, and boyling in the *Veins*, excites both Men and Women to an insatiate Desire of knowing the Difference of either Sex, by joining in carnal Copulation; and the numerous Pleasures drawn at that Time thro' Nature's Alembick, producing such an extraordinary Titillation in the



the genital Parts, so exquisitely Ravishing, that were it to last longer than a Minute, the Learned are of Opinion, it would absolutely divest the Worshipper of his Sense and Reason, even before his Sacrifice had reach'd Love's Altar.

As this lustful Desire is no ways Prudential, so it knows no *Discretion below the Girdle*, but is swift in its Sallies, and all the Conquest it makes, is with random Shot, spent in the Dark, without any other Acquisitions, than a few Minutes Joy, which, as Lightning, fly thro' the whole Mass, and even cease with the Action.

Tho' Ben Johnson, seem'd to assert a more substantial Bliss, when he says,

*This is no Killing War  
To which you pressed are;  
But fair and gentle Strife,  
Which Lovers call their Life.  
Then look before you yield to Slumber,  
That your Delights are drawn past Number.  
Joys got with Strife, increase;  
Affect no sleepy Peace;  
But keep the Bride's fair Eyes,  
Awake with her own Cries,  
Which are but Maiden Fears,  
And Kisses dry such Tears.*

And, the late witty Earl of Rochester, who ('tis suppos'd by most Women) penetrated as far into the Avenues of this Passion as was possible for Mortal Man, gives into a Concession, that there is a feeling sensitive Bliss  
in



in it: For when a certain amorous Lady ask'd him at the 16th Year of his Age

*Whether Love's Joys he'd ever felt?*

His Lordship readily reply'd,

*Why, Madam! do you think I'm Gelt?*

But waving these Digressions: Tho' 'tis certain there is no Substantial Bliss in any earthly Enjoyment, yet Mankind has such a natural Propensity to this Sin of Lechery, that it's universally desir'd, and sought after by both Young and Old: And as other Recreations and Pleasures afford variety of Delights, this is look'd upon as the Center of them all, as having the greatest Power and Influence over them: An Instance of which may be seen even in Children, who no sooner begin to excite our Affections by their innocent Pratling, but they shew the Effects of it: They will Wimper and Cry for a little Wife, like themselves, tho' they know not what the Name signifies, yet they seem very much delighted, and pleas'd with the Thoughts of it: Nor is it difficult to produce Instances of several but of Six or Seven Years of Age, whose Natural Constitution has been so strong as to invigorate their viril Members so ardently, that they have earnestly desir'd, and us'd their utmost Endeavours to perform what Nature expects from a more maturer Age.

So that nothing argues Mankind more in a State of Lunacy and Folly, than the extravagant Sallies of Nature, when she prompts Young People to Love. The Violence of this Passion,



Passion, being rais'd to the highest Pitch, by a strong Constitution, made up with all the Natural Qualifications of Vigour and Life: So that many Times this early Madness not only Decoys young Gentlemen into the State of Matrimony too soon, but ranks them among the Herd of horned Beasts; and be distinguished and stigmatiz'd by their Neighbours, and all that know them, with the Name of *Beardless Cuckolds*.

A Comfort purchas'd at the Expence of all the ease and serenity of Mind, which should make the remaining part of Man's Life happy. For how insipid does it appear, to see a young Gentleman in the Prime of his Youth, discard all manner of Reason and Frugality, to purchase the Author of his Miseries; and this at an Age of Sixteen, Fourteen; nay, sometimes but at Twelve, more or less, when, indeed, he is not capable of performing the Offices of Nature.

Hence 'tis, that it would make a wise Man Laugh to see our young Enamoretta begin his first Attacks, and pay his Addresses to a finicky Lady, an Arm-full of Silk, whose Beauty is heighten'd by all the artful Embellishments of Wash and Paint; and whose Mein is made agreeable only by Fashion and Dress.

Perhaps our amorous Spark has been smitten with *Cupid's* fatal Dart, either at some Ball, Dancing Match, or Boarding-School; and here 'tis he resorts, pines himself under his Mistress's Window, employs all his Thoughts on her Perfections, studies assiduously

ously how he shall gain her; and is daily Plotting to get into *Fool's Paradise*.

And having a small Estate, he lavishly Bribes himself into her Company, by making her costly Presents; and thinks it an inestimable Blessing, if he can purchase but one Kiss at the Expence of a pair of Pendants, a Gold Watch, or a Diamond Ring. And notwithstanding daily Experience points to him the many Mischiefs and Miseries other married Men fall into, by being drawn into *Cupid's Snare*, yet the Spirit of Infatuation has possess'd him so much, that he must be running after an *Ignus Fatuus*, believing it the Star of *Venus*, and lays all his Wits together to find its Heighth and Depth, with as much Application (tho' to as little purpose) as some of our Modern Franticks have done in finding out the *Longitude*.

Well, this passionate Admirer of ours, having, with the *Boy*, caught a *Butterfly*, and gotten Possession of his Idol, after a World of Pains and Cost, he is now in haste to fall down and Worship it; and swim, as he supposes, thro' the milky Way of Bliss to the Center of Happiness. Indeed, he satiates himself a while, and even penetrates so far till he is lost in the Avenues of Love, then Time and the Constancy of one Dish, cloy his Appetite, and the little God, that had decoy'd him, begins to leave him: But as Fire in the Night cannot be hid, so the Temper of his Mistress must not lye long conceal'd, for he has purchas'd and nourish'd a Snake in his Bosom; and instead of having caught fast hold

of a *Maid*, has either hook'd a *Thornback* or taken an *Eel* by the Tail.

Thus glutted with Love, and reduced by an extravagant Wife, he begins to repent and grow cold in his Affections: He sees his Wife intolerable Proud, her Apparel above her Station, his Estate not sufficient to support it, and that he Diminishes daily; he begins to look back upon his former fond Addressees and Fooleries; and he owns he must needs make it an Article of Faith, that Matrimony was such a Curse as he had heard before; and that he had bought very lavishly and foolishly his own Ruin.

If the intolerable Pride of his Wife is not supply'd with, she presently upbraids him with *indifference*, and *coldness in Affection*; and this, attended with some crocodile Tears, allures him to continue contentedly in the Decoy, and strain hard to gratify her exorbitant Desires. But if this will not do, a sullen Cloud appears on her Brow, and she affects an Indisposition: She takes to her Chamber, and when the Revels of Love are for making their midnight Sallies, she repulses him in the Attack, and desires to be excus'd, upon an account of her present Illness.

The Husband here is at a loss; he grows Compassionate all of a sudden, like a stupify'd, infatuated Fool; and there being now no more remembrance of her Extravagances, he tenderly calls her his Dear; and desires she would let him know the Reason of her Discontent, and what ail'd her. To which she replies, *Lord help me, I have Reason enough to be dissatis-*

*dissatisfy'd ; and if you knew all, you would say so too ; but it's no Matter, Mr. Easy, I'll keep it to my self ; for I find 'tis to no purpose, to tell an unkind Husband the Hardships the Wife of his Bosom receives at his Hands.—*

*And here she Sighs. — This makes the dotting Fool ten times more importunate than before, so that he will not be satisfy'd till he knows the Cause of her Disquiet.*

*Well then, Mr Easy, says she, since you are resolv'd to know, you shall, and it is this : The other Day I was sent for, you know, to go to Madam Delicate's Christning, and when I came thither, I found a noble Entertainment for a Company of Gentlewomen, the most Ordinary of which was richer Dress'd by far than your Wife, which put me so out of Countenance, that what with Shame and Anger, I burnt with Envy and Revenge ; especially when I consider'd, that the best of them all, did not come of a better Family than my self. As for my Part, I value not what Cloaths I wear, provided they are clean and decent ; but, methinks, it highly reflects upon your own Reputation, and that of my Relations, that I make no better Appearance. Besides, what made me more asham'd, was, that Madam Lavish, and Mistress Airey took Notice of it, and said publickly, it was a Shame for us both I had no better Cloaths to follow the Fashion with, and be Modish.*

*Hah ! And is that all ? (replies Mr. Easy her Husband) methinks you might have more Wit, than to regard what such Tisling Women as they say : Besides, we have enough to do*



with our Money, than to squander it away in Purchasing a Mercer's Shop full of 'Pride. You want no manner of Cloaths, having several Suits already, and you cannot but be Sensible, that when we were first Married, I was forc'd to buy Necessaries by degrees; that Quarter-Day is at Hand; and in short, what large Sums of Money I am expending, in order to get possession of the small Portion I was to have with you; which If I do not quickly receive, will make me stand in need of a Statute of Bankrupt, and break.

Here the Woman grows Angry, and replies: You are a pretty Man, indeed: When you can study no other Way to vex me, then presently my Portion is stung in my Face; when indeed, I knew the Time others far superior to Mr. Easy, both in Estate and good Humour, would have thought it an Honour to have taken me only with a Smock to my Back: But it seems, either I was bewitched, or some Devil ow'd me a Spite, when I was inclin'd to make my Choice no better. There's Mr. Alcock, and his Neighbour Jolly, scorns to let their Wives go Abroad, without the richest of Apparel, and what, in God's Name, am I, that I must go more like a Servant Wench, than the Mistress of a Family? It's no matter, it is no matter, Mr. Easy, it is nothing but Slight, and there's an End on't.

That's a cursed Lye (replies the Husband) for I think nothing too good for you; and you should have every Thing you wish for, provided my Estate would reach it; but, by Heavens, I must not beggar my self to gratify you in all

Respects,

*Respects; and therefore, pray, my Dear, let's Kiss, and Love one another.*

*Prithee now, what does the Man mean? Let me alone that way, I have no such Inclination to it if you have; and if you knew my Indifferency, you'd never touch me more. That is pretty (cries the Husband) but I am not bound to believe you; and, Devil take me, if I do not think, were I dead, but you would Marry another before I was cold in my Grave.*

*No, no, Mr. Easy, you are mistaken there, I'll assure you I am so far from that, (says she) that I can Swear by all that is Sacred, no Man should ever Kiss my Lips again, for the Life I have hitherto led with so unkind a Creature as your self.*

*And here the Tears falls from her Eyes; which so moves the doting Fool, that he is inclinable to grant all her unreasonable Demands: So that when he is upon the Point of making her a Promise large enough to her Satisfaction; she cunningly designs to cross him, and the better to gain her Ends, jumps out of Bed, slips on her Night-Gown, takes to her Closet, and Locks herself in. This odd Behaviour of hers, makes the Husband very uneasy: A thousand Thoughts runs through his Head at once. One while he Fancies, she might lay violent Hands on her self, and commit Murder, another, that she would grieve so excessively as to fling her into Fits; a third, that he should lose all the Enjoyment he expected from a Wife; and that there would be nothing but Discontent in the Family, the Consequence of which was, That it would become*

the Publick talk of the Neighbourhood, whereby he should not only be made their Jest, but forfeit his Reputation. Upon these Considerations, he contents himself whilst the next Day, when taking the Opportunity of being in her Chamber, he goes to her, and Addresses himself thus:

*I have considered my Dear, (says he) the Nature of your Disquiet, and upon second Thoughts, have found out an Expedient to make you happy; in order thereto, I would have you dress your self, and go along with Madam Gaudy to Day, to the Mercer's, and take up what Silks you think most Fashionable; and that you may be convinced of my Sincerity, I have brought you twenty Guineas, which you may lay out at your Pleasure; so far am I from having you disrespected, that for the Future, I am resolved you shall make as good an Appearance as the best She in the Parish.*

The subtle Extravagant, finding she has gain'd the Ascendant, Replies, *What you please Mr. Easy; but, believe me, as I said before, I do it more for your Reputation than any thing else: 'Tis not out of Pride, nor through a desire of making often Visits, but that I may appear in my Station, as Ornamental at Church, as any of my Neighbours ——— Well, well, (cries he) say no more, my Dear, you shall have what you Desire; if this won't do, take upon Credit, what you think will, at any time, on such and such Persons, who will let you have whatever you please. Come, Kiss, and let's be Friends*

The



The Wife hearing this, is over-joy'd, and gives him Liberty to Kiss her, she in return takes him about the Neck, and does the like; then Views him with languishing but melting Eyes, and Kisses him again; which inspires the Husband with such Warmth, that *Cupid* presently beats to Arms; and a hundred to one, but some Couch or easy Chair are made Witnesses of their Reconciliation.

And here it is that Madam, resolves to clinch the Nail: For whilst he is penetrating the inward recesses of Love, she makes him Swear by all that's good, to stand to his word, and that he will not upbraid her afterwards for the Kindness he has bestowed. Thus at once she not only drains the Strength of his Body to cool her inside, but exhausts his Purse to Cloath her Back! And is not this a Comfort, think ye, sufficient to compensate all the Miseries attending a Married Life?

Well, Love having beaten the Retreat, the Husband from hence may date his Ruin. He retires about his Business; leaving her to adjust her self, and Laugh at his Simplicity. She is not long before she Dresses, and gets ready to go abroad. Accordingly Madam *Gaudy* is sent for; who no sooner comes, but the other notifies her Intentions, and begs her Company to go along with her: She agrees, and a Coach is sent for; but before they depart, the Husband must entertain them with a Lobster, a Bottle of Wine, a Piece of *Salmon*, or some such thing; and then after receiving a dissembling Kiss or two, hand them into the Coach,  
with

with as much Satisfaction as they had the first Day they were Married.

In short, these Extravagancies of hers, by Degrees, exhausts her Husband's Purse, so that he is rendered unable to maintain his Credit. Bills come so thick he cannot pay them, and he is forced to keep up, not being able to answer his Creditors demands: So that through her abominable Profuseness the poor Man either becomes a Bankrupt, or is Arrested, and thrown into Goal; and their Perishes in a miserable Condition.

Then it is that this Moth in his Garment must either divest herself of her Pride, or turn Whore to compleat her own Ruin, and invent a thousand hellish Lies to excuse her Faults by, and lay all their Misfortunes, upon the Back of her Husband.

From hence the Reader may observe, how dangerous and ruinous it is to gratify a Woman in her Pride. Such a Woman therefore, who shews the want of Judgment, and discards all Modesty and Prudence, ought to be rid like a managed Horse with a Curb, and held in with a straight Rein, or else she will soon break the Back of her Rider.

## C H A P. II.

*The Subtle Artifices married Women make use of to Cuckold their Husbands; with the lascivious Intrigues between Mr. Horner a reputed Eunuch, and the Wives of Mr. Dash a Vintner, Mr. Lustring a Mercer, and Mr. Holland a Draper.*

**W**omen being naturally inclined to Conceit well of themselves, are the more apt to set a Value on Beauty - and whether they have any or not, are willing to believe they have. For when the Wife has reduced her Husband's Purse, to cloath her in the richest Silks, according to the newest Fashion, and taken a Survey of her self in the Glass; the next Step is to expose her self to the Publick View, set off to the best Advantage, that she may be admired by all that see her.

Such a Wife had Mr. *Dash*, a Vintner, at the Sign of the *Musli's Cap*, not far Eastward from the *Royal-Exchange*; an Honest Industrious Citizen; but of a Temper too Easy and Mild, to guard him from the Matrimonial Comfort of *Cuckoldom*. She had contracted an Acquaintance with one Mrs. *Sly*, an old Beldam, a battered out Sinner, who in her Youthful Days, had much Beauty and many Charms, which

which then gained her abundance of Admirers, who solicited her Favours with generous Presents, which she, good natured Creature, as liberally dispensed with; for any Man might have a lick at her *Love-Pot* for *Money*; but now she was forced to get her *Bread* by *Bawling*; that is, decoying innocent young Girls into the Embraces of lustful Leachers, and procuring well-hung Stallions for buxom Wenches, and wanton Wives; in which Trade, she has acquired great Wealth, and is now as famous in *Westminster*, as *Madam Creswell* was in her Time in *Moorfields*.

This She-Devil, being frequently at the House, became so intimately acquainted with the Man and his Wife, that she perceived, they did not live so lovingly together as they ought: For the Husband was naturally Modest, Industrious, Diligent and Frugal, and his Wife quite the reverse, which she discovered by her airy Dress, as we have said, wanton Behaviour, lustful Looks, and amorous Tittle-Tattle; for which her Husband would often reprove her, saying: *My Dear, be ruled by me; have a better Guard over your Words and Actions, least you give the World occasion to believe you Light, nay, what is worse, Lewd; and Reputation, you know, once forfeited, is not easily regained.*

To which she very smartly replied; 'Tis very well, Mr. Easy, I hear you, and you are but a Jealous-pated Fool for your Pains: For, would you have me sit *Hum-Drum* in the Bar, purring like an old Cat in the Chimney Corner, and as silent as a Mouse in a Cheese, as if I had

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neither Life nor Soul in me? If so, the World might then say, indeed, what a poor, foolish, awkward Thing is that? And so I shall be slighted, derided, and scorn'd by all People.

— No, indeed, not I, adds she, snuffing up her Nose. Upon which the fond Idiot, for Peace-sake, went about his Business, and left her to do as she pleas'd.

Mrs. Sly having heard this, concluded her a Person for her purpose; so the next Day she went to the House again, and appointed a Stallion of her Acquaintance, named Mr. Horner, to come to her, where they agreed to have a good Dinner, and to invite the Master and Mistress of the House to Dine with them, which was accordingly done.

It must be observed, that this Mr. Horner was a Person every way Qualify'd to be an able Stallion, having an extraordinary Talent in pleasing the Fair-Sex. He had a voluble Tongue, persuasive enough to delude the most chasteft Woman to forfeit her Vertue, besides, a winning Address, with a graceful Shape and Mein, a curious Structure of Body, and noble Presence of Mind; all which made some envious Wits of the Age conclude, that he originally sprung from one of the natural Sons of a certain Monarch.

But be that as it will: It's certain he had reduced himself from a plentiful Estate, to very narrow Circumstances, insomuch that he could think of no other Way of living, than by putting in Practice *Phil. Porter's* Motto; that is, in plain *English*, he made his P— his Plough.

At



At Dinner he entertained them with variety of Discourse extreamly Pleasant; and after they had Dined, with two or three amorous Songs, which he sung with great Judgment in an effeminate Voice, which he counterfeited to Perfection. One was as follows.

**C**upid, the archest Rogue alive,  
*One Day was plund'ring of a Hive ;*  
*But whilst with too, too eager Haste,*  
*The liquid Sweets he strove to Taste,*  
*A Bee surprized the heedless Boy,*  
*Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected Joy.*  
*Strait to his Mothers Lap he hies,*  
*With swoln-up Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes,*  
*Quoth she ; What does my Boy-kiln ail ?*  
*Then thus he told his Mournful Tale :*  
 A little Bird, they call a *Bee*,  
 With Yellow Wings ; see, Mother ! see !  
 How it has Stung, and Wounded me !  
 And aren't you, (*reply'd his Mother*)  
 For all the World, just such another ?  
 A peevish, froward, waspish Thing,  
 That's like in *Bulk*, and like in *Sting* ?  
 For when you aim your cruel Dart,  
 'Gainst some unwary Lover's Heart ;  
 How little is the *Archer* found !  
 How wide the *Cas'n* ! How deep the *Wound* !

Having sung this Song, with melting Accents, peculiar to all its Graces, it was extreamly agreeable to them all, but much more to the *Vintner's Wife*, whom it had inspired with an unusual Warmth, for which she returned him, in her Looks, a Thousand Thanks. But,  
 Mr.

Mr. *Horner*, pretending urgent Business, took his Leave, and left the venerable Bawd his Aunt, as he call'd her, behind.

He was no sooner gone, but the Vintner said, Madam, your Kinsman is a very pretty accomplish'd Gentleman. Yes, Sir, (said she) so he is, were it not for a scurvy Mischance that happen'd to him some Years ago. Pray, what is that? (said he). Why Sir, replies this Hellish Hypocrite, with much seeming Sorrow, he unfortunately, by a sad Accident, bruis'd his Genitals so lamentably, that the Surgeon fearing a Mortification, to save his Life, was obliged to cut out the chief Evidences of his Manhood.

She had no sooner said this, but the Bell rung, which obliged the Vintner to withdraw.—His Wife, very much surpriz'd at this Declaration, said to the Bawd, Lord! Madam, I hope you're only in Jest; and that there's nothing of Truth in what you say! No, no, Madam, (reply'd she, softly in her Ear) it is quite otherwise, I only say so, that Men may more freely admit him to converse with their Wives:—For, in Truth, Nature has rather been too liberal, and bestow'd very large Endowments upon him; inso-much, that he is not to be repuls'd with one Attack, his Constitution being such, that he can rally often, is ever prolifick, and so dissolving in his Encounters, that the most barren Womb he has often made fertile.

At these Words, the Vintner's Wife seem'd to be in a Trance, she found an unusual Warmth inspire her Veins, her Blood began to boil, and all Nature was upon the Point of dissolving.

C

—But



But recovering herself, with a soft Sigh, answer'd, Ah, Madam, how happy, how happy, if what you say be true, might I. — But I blush to speak it! — 'Tis Seven Years since I was first Marry'd, and, for what I know, may be seven more, before my Spouse gets me with Child: Oh, what an unhappy Woman am I, born to be made miserable by an impotent Husband: — You may soon have a Remedy, reply'd Madam *Sly*, if you'll be rul'd by me.

And here their Discourse broke off, being interrupted by the coming in of Madam *Litstring*, a Mercer's Wife, a fine jolly Woman, but extream lascivious, who had also been married some Years, without having any Child; she brought with her, as her Companion, Mrs. *Holland*, a Draper's Wife in the City, one as lewdly bent as any of the rest.

Their sudden coming in, having, as they perceiv'd, created some little Disorder in Madam *Dash*, and Mrs. *Sly*, they severally made their Excuses; but as they were all of a Quill, and the Vintner's Wife being let into their private Amours, she oblig'd them to sit down and share their Conversation.

She then could no longer conceal from her Familiars what Mrs. *Sly* had told her of Mr. *Horner*; but quickly let them intirely into the Secret, as knowing she might confide in their Fidelity.

This Relation, Mrs. *Sly* the Bawd, told so lushiously, that they even burnt with Lust.

Madam *Dash*, having invited Mr. *Horner* to dine at her House the next Day, she thought she could not please her lecherous Gossips

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Gossips better, than by giving them a private Invitation to come thither also; at the same time promising them to order it so, as that they might every one of them see him without Discovery, which was the only thing they wanted.— And so this chaste Society broke up, with Resolutions, no doubt, to do each of them a comfortable Piece of Service to their Husbands.

But before they parted with *Sly* the Bawd, Madam *Lustring*, and Mrs. *Holland*, had found out an Expedient to make her promise them to introduce Mr. *Horner* into their Conversation; and this they did with so much Privacy, that the one knew not of the other's Assignment; so covetous and engrossing are those Women who are lasciviously inclin'd!

Mr. *Horner* is come, according to the Hour, and a splendid Dinner is provided; the Wife is all Gay, Jocund, and Merry, and in her best Apparel; her Breasts are expos'd, which heave like living Mountains of Snow, so that Nature might be trac'd by a discerning Eye, even to its Mansion Seat; and the Ivory Supporters of her Body, artfully expos'd to View by the help of a modest Covering, call'd a Hoop of the largest Size. And here it was that whenever Madam *Dash* look'd on Mr. *Horner*, that she threw at him all the amorous Glances of a well-disciplin'd Eye; which, in return, none but so skilful an Archer as himself could have darted back again.

But what adds much to the Pleasantness of this Amour, was the restless Temper of the Men, who, 'till they could have a Sight of

this handsome Gelding, were the most uneasy People in the World; and as they were fix'd in an adjoining Room, through which they might see him pass, they were of a sudden told that he was a coming. Bless me! how did they thrust and squeeze, and strive for Precedence: *Which is he?* cries one: *That, That's the Gentleman*, says another, pointing to him: *I can't see him*, says a Third: A Fourth, that was shorter than the rest, who would overlook 'em all, jump't immediately to the Window, and thrust his Head through a Sash that was drawn up, and supported by a Peg: But whether or no the Devil ow'd him a Spite, or that one of his Companions slipt the Peg out on Purpose, is yet a Secret; but certain it is, it fell down with such Force, that the Blood gush'd out from his Nostrils; so that the poor Man had like to have suffer'd a Dislocation in his Neck by it.

This Accident was attended with a great deal of Mirth and Laughter; and as he could not get out of his sash'd Pillory, without Help, the most obliging Mr. *Horner* was the first that ran to his Assistance and releas'd him.

The Women saw all this with infinite Pleasure, from their Quarter; and 'twas the greatest Diversion to them in the World. And as it happen'd, the Lot fell upon Madam *Lust*, to discover the miserable, unfortunate Rat, to be her Husband: Who, though she durst not appear her self, to condole with him in this Misfortune, yet was resolv'd to gratify his Deliverer, Mr. *Horner*, unknown to him the first Opportunity. Not but that she did not care,

if

if the Devil had broke his Neck, so that she might but gain her Ends with Mr. *Horner*.

In short, Mr. *Lustring* was very thankful to Mr. *Horner* for this Piece of Service; and, in Conjunction with Mr. *Holland*, beg'd he would accept of a Glas of Wine, and pay them a Visit at their Houses, which he agreed to; so that from that time forward, he became one of their most familiar Acquaintance, and was every Day welcome at their Houses.

To return to Madam *Dash*. — Dinner being ready; he is conducted to the Table, along with *Sly* the Bawd, and seated betwixt the Vintner and his Wife; where Madam is the Carver, and they are all become the most obliging Company in the World: Merry and facetious is their Conversation; and the sparkling Glas is pass'd about with as much Freedom as if it were at a Wedding-Dinner. And that they might not want Mirth, Madam *Sly* told several amorous Stories to divert them: The Vintner likewise seconded her, and related Intrigues provoking enough to have rais'd the Devil of Lust in the most icy Constitution: And this he did the rather, because he apprehended no Danger could accrue to him in the Conversation of one, who he believ'd had lost his Testicles. —

Dinner being over, what next? Why now the Scene of *Cuckoldom* is drawing; and the *Art of Debauchery in Perfection* begins. It happen'd, that a Play call'd *THE CONTENTED CUCKOLD*, was to be acted that Night; and Madam *Dash* was very desirous to see it: She therefore hypocritically importunes her



Husband to go with her, knowing, at the same time, his Business would not permit him; he excuses it, by urging the Necessity of minding his Customers; and demonstrating the Inconveniency of leaving the Management of his House to Servants: *Not, but my Dear,* (says he) I would willingly oblige you, there being no other Pleasure in the World I prefer before your Company abroad.— If Madam, says he, to *Sly* the Bawd, you can prevail upon this Gentleman, *Mr. Horner*, to accompany you, I shall take it as a wonderful Favour. What say you, Nephew, cries she, can we have your Company then? Truly Aunt, replies the grand Cornutor, I have promis'd to go to a Consort of Musick this Evening, but if you lay your Commands upon me, I must obey them.

Well, Night coming on, a Coach is call'd, when they all step in, and away they drive for the *Play-House*, as the Husband believes: But, on the contrary, they repair to Madam *Sly's* Lodgings, where being conducted into a private Room, *Mr. Horner* stept into a Closet adjoining, and undrest himself to his Shirt, and slipping on a Silk Gown, came and seated himself down by them on a Couch, where their Debaucheries began with the greatest Freedom and Fury.

*And can you, says Mistress Sly, to Madam Dash, not believe what I have told you of this Gentleman, without ocular Demonstration? Shall you find any Difficulty to be persuaded, when you own Eyes may convince you I speak the Truth? And your own Hands demonstrate*  
by

*by the Sense of Feeling? — Be no longer doubtful, adds she, let this convince ye, flinging open her Cousin's Night-Gown, exposing at once such Parts of Generation, whose Magnitude and graceful Appearance, was sufficient to have tempted the chastest Nun, to be as Lascivious as the Empress Messalina, who after thirty Men had laid with her in one Morning, ask'd, whether there was any more of them? Being answer'd No; said, well, I am tir'd, but not satisfy'd.*

And then the Bawd undressing her, Mr. Horner clasp'd her in his Arms, threw her on the Bed, and with an invincible Courage, gave her the Satisfaction she so much long'd for; and what the most extravagant of her Sex was capable of receiving.

Let it suffice to say, she had all the Transports she desir'd, repeated as often, and in what manner she pleased: So that from that time, she forgot all Sense of Virtue and Honour to her Husband, and accustom'd herself to preposterous Freedoms with her Gallant. And that the Cuckold her Husband might be kept wholly in Ignorance, they all politickly agreed to hasten Home, and give him the Diversion of hearing them repeat what he thought they had heard and seen at the *Play-House*; Madam Dash, at the same time, presenting her Gallant with a valuable Ring, in earnest of a more ample Gratification for his Favours; which she perform'd the next Day, by slipping into his Hand a Purse of Guineas.

From this time the Vintner dated his Ruin: For his Wife miss'd no Opportunity to visit the  
Bawd

Bawd *Sly*, at whose House her lecherous Gallant, Mr. *Horner*, was ready to receive her; who never embrac'd her, but was lavishly gratify'd for it, out of her Husband's Cash; so that notwithstanding the poor Vintner had a good Trade, yet he soon found himself in a dwindling Condition.

He now observ'd his Wife to dress more Gay than usual, but could find no Reason to mistrust her Virtue: He perceived her much given to Visits, and gadding abroad, but always regular and short in her Returns; not but that she was frequent in her Demands upon him, in order to support her Pride, and that she was grown impatient in his Denials, and provoking in her Language.

In the midst of these melancholy Thoughts he could not conceal his Uneasiness, too visible in his Countenance not to be observ'd by his Wife: She saw it with an undaunted Temper; and to disguise her Wickedness, consulted with her Procuress and Gallant, how to avoid the impending Storm.

'Twas at this Moment that Mrs. *Dalh* found her self with Child by Mr. *Horner*, and was very joyful at the Thoughts of being so, resolving it should turn to her Advantage; and therefore concluded to act more indearing and familiar with her Husband than before, and carry her self so, as if she was become another Woman; not but that she would privately reserve to herself the Freedom of Mr. *Horner's* Conversation, as often as she could think it safe.

But,



But, alas! when we fancy our selves most secure in Sin, the Discovery is often nearest at Hand; and so it prov'd to this wretched Woman: For humouring her Husband, as she had before resolv'd to herself, he soon began to banish all his former Suspicions, and love her with an Affection too sincere for such a Devil of a Wife. And thus it fell out.—

It happen'd one Day, that Mr. *Dash* was oblig'd to ride abroad with some Gentlemen that were his Customers, with a Design not to return 'till Night. He was no sooner gone, but Mrs. *Sly* came to pay his Wife a Visit, who being privy to all her Amours, must needs stay and dine with her. They drank freely of the most generous and provoking Wines; which, with the bawdy Talk they had in private together, of Mr. *Horner's* Abilities, put her in such a Flame, that she could not be satisfied 'till she went and fetch'd him. The Bawd consented, and in less than half an Hour return'd, bringing the grand Cornutor with her; but, as *the Devil would have it*, the Chief Drawer had taken a Fancy in his Pate, that this Mr. *Horner* was an *Impostor*, by reason he perceiv'd the Women so over and above fond of his Conversation, which made him diligently observe all their Motions; so that in a little time, he discover'd his Mistress acting such Lewdness with him, as was no ways consistent with her Virtue and his Master's Honour; whereupon he resolv'd at his coming Home, to undeceive him in the Opinion he had of this pretended *Eunuch*, by giving him a particular

ticular Account of what Observations he had made during his Absence.

The unthinking Husband no sooner return'd, but his Servant told him privately the whole Matter: Upon which he appeared at first more than ordinarily surpriz'd, and was flying into a Passion too violent for his Advantage, and would have vented his Anger too openly upon a Wife that deserved the worst of Resentments, had not Prudence with-held him, and put him upon, as he thought, a better Expedient.

Having enjoind his Drawer to Secresy, he kept himself seemingly in an even Temper, and took the hypocritical *Welcome Home* from his Wife as usual; but where the Heart goes not with the Lips, there's such a Chilness attends all our Passions, that our Sincerity is suspected, and we cannot shew such Marks of our Affection as we naturally are inclin'd to.— And so it was with Mr. *Vintner*; his cold Indifference upon the Lips of a treacherous Wife, soon argu'd a Discovery of her Guilt. She presently was alarm'd, and being quick at Invention, took the Opportunity to write the following Billet to the Baw'd.

*Dear Mrs. Sly.*

“ T H E R E is something, I know not what,  
 “ persuades me, that my Fumbler is  
 “ made acquainted with Mr. *Horner's* Man-  
 “ hood: For there is a Drawer in our House,  
 “ who, I fancy, has betray'd me: And I suspect  
 “ this the more, since I have perceiv'd some  
 “ Whispering between him and my Husband.

Add

" Add to this, no fond Returns from him as  
" usual at his coming from abroad.— What  
" Storm will happen this Night I can't yet tell;  
" nor is it possible to escape it: However, I  
" will arm my self with all the Denials and  
" Imprecations that a Woman disappointed like  
" my self, can rouse up in her Defence.— Be  
" upon your Guard, and prepare for a Retreat:  
" But, above all, secure dear *Horner*, to whom  
" I have given my Soul, and tell him, that I'll  
" fly into his Arms, so soon as I can make my  
" Escape, with what Cash and Jewels I can  
" drain from an impotent Husband.— Adieu,  
" dear Favourite, since my trembling Hand  
" can write no more, than that I am the un-  
" fortunate

*M. Dash.*

Mrs. *Sly* no sooner receiv'd this Billet, but  
she sent for *Horner*, the Cuckold-maker, and  
conferring together, concluded to write her the  
following Answer, sign'd in his Name:

*My Dear and Loving Charmer,*

" **Y**OURS I've receiv'd, and am confound-  
" ed at the Thoughts of a Discovery;  
" but what gives me some Satisfaction is, the  
" Confidence you repose in me, and the regard  
" you have for one who will drain Nature to  
" its last Spring, to give you the Pleasure fit  
" for a Woman like your self, born with so  
" much Love.— I obey your Orders, and take  
" to a Retreat; my Aunt will conduct you to  
" me: And, Oh! how I long to revel Day and  
" Night

" Night in your Embraces, free from the In-  
 " terruptions of a feeble, but inrag'd Huf-  
 " band.—Fly then, swift after him, who stands  
 " with open Arms ready to receive thee, and  
 " and who has not Power to say any more,  
 " than that our Souls and Bodies shall be One,  
 " so long as I am

Horner.

This Letter was carried to Mrs. *Dash*, by  
 the Hands of a Washerwoman who was in the  
 Interest of *Sly* the Bawd: She no sooner read  
 it, but under Pretence of looking up some  
 Linnen, rifled a Scrutore, and bundled up to  
 the Value of 500*l.* in Gold and Jewels, to carry  
 off with her early the next Morning.

Her Husband all this while was contriving  
 to himself how he should prevent his further  
 Ruin: And when 'twas time to go to Bed, he  
 slept in as usual, expecting her to follow him:  
 but perceiving her a little slower than usual  
 in undressing herself, he fancy'd she knew of  
 the Discovery: However, seeing no way to avoid  
 it, she went to Bed, and laid herself down by  
 him.

Madam, says he to her, when I was abroad,  
 our Company had some Discourse concerning  
 the unfortunate Mr. *Horner*; who having an  
 Esteem for the Sweetness of his Voice, design  
 to bring their Wives and Daughters here to-  
 morrow to hear him sing.—*How say you?*  
*Can you persuade his Aunt to come with him?*—  
*Yes, yes, my Dear,* reply'd the Snake in his  
 Bosom, *I'll send early in the Morning, and*  
*no doubt but Madam Sly will endeavour to*  
*oblige*

*oblige them.*— She knew at the same time, that what she said was a damnable Lye; but could find no other Answer to make him at that time.—And with that her Husband fell asleep, having sufficiently tir'd himself with the Fatigues of the Day, whilst she lay awake, thinking the time tedious, till the Morning gave her an Opportunity of taking her Flight.

No sooner did the Day break, but Mrs. *Dash* arose from her Husband's Bed, and after a short dressing herself, slipt out of Doors in her *Dishabil*, and carry'd off with her the afore-said Bundle, with some Writings of Value, to the great Mortification of her Husband, who had nothing left to comfort himself with, but the Remembrance of being rid of one, who was playing hard with her Tail to ruin him intirely.

It was soon blown in the Neighbourhood, and became immediately the Talk of the Town; being matter of Mirth to some, but Commiseration and Pity, to the more serious Part of the People.

In short, Mr. *Dash*, with the Advice of his Friends, leaves off his Trade, and puts it into the Hands of his Nephew: And knowing, that the Author of his Miseries was Mr. *Horner*, who had taken Sanctuary in the *Mint*, he wisely gave over the Thoughts of throwing away his Money after him; but takes out a Bill of Divorce; and allowing the Beast his Wife too generous a Salary, as 20*s.* per Week, quits the Town, and embarks for *Holland*, where he spent the Remainder of his Days in contemplating upon the Felicities and Com-



forts of CUCKOLDOM in the STATE of MATRIMONY.

As for his Wife, who had prov'd to him like one of *Sodom's* rotten Apples, beauteous in Shew, but full of *Corruption* and *Rottenness* within, she persisted in her lewd Intentions; and took up with *Horner* in his *Mint* Apartments; where they liv'd wild, desperate, and dissolute Lives, 'till what they had unjustly got, was profusely spent and squander'd away. So that Mrs. *Dash* became the most miserable Object that Poverty and the SIN OF WHORING could produce. As for *Horner*, the Marrow of his Bones being dry'd up, he was only reserv'd as a *Monument for others*; and, like a worn out *Stallion*, serv'd rather for *Sighs* than any thing else, 'till at last he wanted to experience the Benefit of an old *Proverb*, in finding out a *Whore that would bring him to a Morsel of Bread*.

And now it is time we should give some Account of our *Mercer* and *Draper*, two Brother-Cuckolds, both remarkable Persons, who had sufficiently experienc'd the comfortable State into which they were decoy'd.

It seems Mr. *Dash*, out of pure Friendship to those Gentlemen, upon his Wife's Elopement, had sent 'em Notice what Discovery he had made, and what an Imposture their Friend *Horner* prov'd. 'This alarm'd them extreamly; and what added to their Jealousy was, their Wives proving both with Child, who never had any Children since they were married, but when they heard of *Horner's* going into the *Mint*;

*Mint*; they needed no farther Argument to convince them of their Wives Lewdness.

As for Mr. *Holland*, poor unfortunate Gentleman, seeing himself ruin'd, he fell into a deep Melancholy, and pin'd away the rest of his Days in a deplorable Condition: And some People say, that he laid violent Hands upon himself, and was found hanging in his Chamber: Various are the Conjectures about him; and as many were the Reproaches the Neighbourhood about the *Exchange* threw out against his Wife; who some time after dy'd in the Delivery of her Bastard.

Mr. *Lustring* having accidentally one Day found part of a Letter written by his Wife, and subscrib'd to Mr. *Horner*; he found too much of their Intrigues in it to believe any otherwise than that his Wife was a *Whore*, and himself a *Cuckold*; and being a Man of a fiery Constitution, he soon found an Opportunity, when his Wife was in her Chamber, to vent his Passion thus: *Tell me, perfidious, says he, what Devil of Concupiscence pushes you upon gratifying your Lust, not only with the Loss of your Virtue, but at the Expence of my Ruin: See your own Hand is a Witness against you, shewing her the Letter, and proves you to be one of the wickedest Women living? The pretended Eunuch is your Stallion, I find, and the Father of the Bastard within you. Ungrateful Wretch, to violate the Bed of an indulgent Husband; take this in part of what Punishment your Crimes deserve.*— And here she would have felt his Severity by a Blow on the Breast, had not the sudden Thoughts of murdering

dering the spurious Infant in the Womb withheld him, and gave her Time to slip down Stairs, and make her Escape.

She being a Woman of a haughty Temper, had enough to do to forbear replying to him upon the Stairs, but knowing her own Guilt, she contented herself with stepping into a Coach, and retir'd to a Relation of hers a Mile out of Town, where she had not been long, but what with Vexation and Fright, she miscarried of a fine Boy.

Her Husband in the mean time was examining into the State of his Stock, and found that she had run out considerable Sums of Money, so that he was in the same Road to Ruin as his Brother Cuckold Mr. *Holland*; and therefore to make the shortest way of it, and the best of a bad Market, he shut up his Shop, and absconded with what Cash he could get together for his Subsistence; leaving his fellow-Citizens to talk of him as they pleased. As for her, she follow'd her old Courses so long, that at last she was Pox'd to such a Degree, that she was forc'd to seek for a Cure in an Hospital, where she miserably ended her Days.

C H A P.

## C H A P. III.

*The extravagant Fondness of a Foolish Husband, to a longing Wife; with the Humours of her Gossips, and the luscious Stories they tell at her Lying-in.*

**WOMEN** being full of gross Humours, are never easy till they are gratify'd to their Mind: Among the rest, the married Woman that's with Child, has one more peculiar to herself than the rest: For when she finds herself Big, she has a Card to play with her Husband, by which she is sure to be a considerable Gainer. For looking with her languishing Eyes upon him, he grows so tender-hearted, that she must not stoop, or do any thing whereby she may be in Danger of Miscarrying: She longs for almost every Thing she sees or hears of, be it never so costly or scarce; till he, with much Pains and vast Expence, procures it for her, even to the Hazard of his Life. His Love must be shewn to her Night and Day, by all the Tendernefs and Endearments imaginable; fatiguing himself for seven Months in gratifying her Desires, else he is a hard-hearted, unkind Husband, and has no Affection for her.

And as her Time draws nigh, Gossips of her own chusing must be provided. If it be the first Child, the Preparation for her Lying-in, must be at an Expence above their Station and Ability; and nothing must be wanting to



make it appear splendid and magnificent in the Neighbourhood.

**MADAM GROPE**, the *Midwife*, is sent for, who truly must not be an ordinary Dame, but one famous for laying Ladies of Quality and Gentry of the better sort. Next comes the Nurse with her rich Jellies, strong Broth, and an Ocean of Caudle; with the Poulterer's Tray full of Chickens, Partridges, Pheasants, and what not: And here the Nurse has the best on't, in one Sense, for she has the Preference of all her Mistress Eats and Drinks; with large Presents into the Bargain.

Well, the Woman is brought to Bed; if it be a Boy, 'tis as like the Father as if it were spit out of his Mouth; if a Girl, a Hundred to one but some Feature in the Face distinguishes it to be the Daddy's own Child: A whole Covey of Women surround the Husband upon this Occasion, and wish him much Joy, when the over-fond Father blesses himself to see the first Fruits of his Labour creep out, after a tedious Confinement, into this miserable World.

The next thing to be done, is to make the Child a Christian; in order thereto, the Day is assign'd, a costly Feast provided, and a numerous Company of Gossips invited, who, with their confused Tittle-Tattle, like a Company of *Frenchmen* that talk all together, are enough to stun a Horse.

And here the *God-Fathers* and *God-Mothers* guard Mother *Midnight* on each side, in great State, as she rock'd the callow Infant, that smells of nothing yet but the Cask; whilst  
Parson

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Parson *Bond*, with the Help of a little Water, cleanses him of his original Sin, and Registers him among the Fraternity of Christians.

This Ceremony being ended, the Festival begins; so that nothing but Mirth and Junketing goes round; the Men kiss the Women so close, that their Lips, just like *Tobacco-Pipe-Clay*, take the Impression of one another's Teeth; and all the Glasses dance as nimbly round with Healths to the Woman in the Straw, as swift as a Cabin-Boy runs the Hoop on Board a Man of War. Then another Course of Kissing comes up, when their Muns beating Time like the minute Motion of a Pendulum, at which the young Women are touch'd with such an inspiring Warmth, that the *Vermillion* in their Cheeks discovers their secret Desire of promoting Generation-Work: The old Women, at the same time, having the Titillation of the Men's licking off the luscious Juice from their wither'd Lips.

And thus the Time is spent 'till Night, when a costly Supper is provided in another Chamber, with great Plenty of Wine and Sweet-Meats, to entertain the Company with: Who, in a little time, having gorg'd 'till they can eat no longer, fall into such a Medley of Discourse, about the Circumstances of one another's Families, that did not a Man know, by woful Experience, they were Women, he would take 'em for the most inveterate She-Devils in *Hell*; for they would declaim, exclaim, proclaim, but never reclaim, the Faults and Imperfections of one another, all in a Breath; nay, they could not forbear laying open

open even the Frailties of their own Husbands.

At last, some buxom Lasses, more merrily dispos'd than the rest, were for proposing Silence for a Minute or two, among the Company, desiring withal to be heard, they having something to offer, which might afford Matter of Mirth. This being consented to, they propos'd to divert the Company with some pleasant Stories, relating to a married Life, which being agreed to, Mrs. *Pert* began as follows:

' It is not long since, *said she*, Ladies, that  
' a Grocer, who liv'd not far from my House,  
' took a handsome, sprightly, promising man-  
' ly Youth for his Apprentice; with whom  
' the Chamber-Maid, about the Age of thirty-  
' six, fell deep in Love: But as there was nei-  
' ther an Equality of Years between them,  
' nor an agreeable Fortune, she despair'd of  
' ever having him for a Husband; tho' she  
' fancy'd to herself, that if she should use a  
' little Cunning, she might find out a way for  
' him to gratify her as well by venturing to  
' let him rub her itching Gums with his Cor-  
' ral. For this Purpose she made much of him,  
' one Night when the Master and Mistress was  
' a bed, and after having given him the Fa-  
' miliarities of Kissing and Toying, which  
' kindled such an amorous Flame in the Youth,  
' that he threw her on the Bed; where he  
' gave her such a *Touch* to the *Quick*, that, in  
' plain *English*, he got her with Child. But,  
' alas! not being accustomed to Child-bearing,  
' she mistrusted little of the matter, tho' no  
' doubt but she was sensibly pleased with his  
Per-

‘ Performance. It did not exceed the usual  
 ‘ Time with us Women, before an ugly *Rat*  
 ‘ chanc’d to run by her, at which she was  
 ‘ grievously affrighted, and the Child Quick-  
 ‘ ning within her at the same time, she fan-  
 ‘ cied the *Rat* had taken Refuge under her  
 ‘ Petticoats; so that she run full Speed to her  
 ‘ Mistress, squeaking and crying out for her  
 ‘ Assistance, to get rid of this terrible Creature.  
 ‘ Her Mistress was as much afraid to come  
 ‘ near her, lest she should suffer the same Fate.  
 ‘ At last seeing a Knife lie by her, she boldly  
 ‘ ran and cut her Lace; and searching for the  
 ‘ *Rat*, could find no such Thing, upbraiding  
 ‘ the Maid for her Foolishness. But the silly  
 ‘ Whore of a sudden, cry’d out, *Lord, Madam,*  
 ‘ *here it is! Here it is!* Clapping her Hand  
 ‘ upon her Side: At which the Mistress plainly  
 ‘ saw the Wenches Mistake; and that it was  
 ‘ a *long tail’d Rat* of another Colour that had  
 ‘ crept up her Coats and tickled her Inside;  
 ‘ for which she is jeer’d to this very Day”.

Mrs. *Pert* having ended this Story, all the  
 Company laugh’d heartily at it for a while,  
 when Madam *Bould* desiring Silence, went on  
 thus. —

‘ Come, come, says she, there’s few here  
 ‘ but what Loves a Bit of the same *Rat*; and  
 ‘ till we were married, would have given the  
 ‘ World for a Taste of it: An Instance of  
 ‘ which, take in the following Story.

A Person of Quality in the Country, kept in  
 his Family, for Diversion, a Natural Idiot,  
 who, as all other Fools have, had a very large  
*Bawble*, which he would now and then carry  
 in

in his Hand up and down the House; and as Boys use to do out of a Neck of *Mutton-bone*, shoot *Cherry-Stones*, so his Sport was to lay a *Bean* upon the *Top* of his *Bawble*, and jerk it a great way. One Day, above the Rest, a Maid in the House observing him at this sort of Sport, could not forbear, being under a Temptation, to imploy him in something more for her Diversion; for which Purpose she intic'd him into the *Barn* with a *Custard*, and gets him to lie with her: The *Changeling* agrees; but eats his *Custard* first, and then performs his Contract two or three times over; and thought it very pleasant Work, it being the first time that his Maidenhead had experienc'd such an Exercise. When he had done, she goes in again, well satisfied; but the Fool finding his *Bean-flapper*, as he call'd it, had lost its Virtue, set up such a roaring and bellowing, that it alarm'd the whole House, who saw him running in a Doors with his Tool so very limber doing her Drugery, crying out lamentably, that he had lost his Plaything, and that *Jane* the Maid had quite spoil'd his *Bean-flapper*.

At the Rehearsal of this Fool's Simplicity, there was an universal Laughter, every one Punning upon the Dimensions of it, as she thought fit: Among the rest, one *Madam Blunt* spoke to her Right-hand Gossip, who was a modest young married Woman, and ask'd her, what were her Thoughts about the Fool's *Bean-flapper*; truly, Madam, says she, I can't rightly tell you: But I suppose it may be about the Bigness of my Husbands. — And Pray, how big may that be? reply'd the other: Why,

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says this innocent Gossip, looking round about her, to see if she could find out any thing she might compare it to, *as big as that Mint-Glass, Madam, in the Window, and as long again as the Nozzel of the Bellows there.*

Upon this, the Gossips clapping their Hands, set up a loud Squawling, attended with a great deal of Laughter and good Humour; which put the new married Woman to the Expence of a Blush or two, and so it went off; but not without some Encomiums upon the Magnitude, and the Stateliness of her Husband's Instrument of Generation; with some Whisperings between one another, which you may suppose were relating to the private Abilities or Defects of their own Husbands.

At last a Discourse arose about a certain *Apothecary's* Wife, who had been marry'd a considerable Time, and who not having felt any Symptoms of her Husband's Manhood, had taken the Liberty to withdraw from her City Habitation, to Lodgings at *Hampstead*, under Pretence of a growing Indisposition; where she became so familiar with a certain *Lawyer*, that when her Spouse, supposing she was recover'd by the Gaiety of her Looks, was for having her come Home again, she absolutely refus'd it: *Not will she*, said the Relator, *live with him any more, notwithstanding old PESTLE and MORTAR, knowing himself Hornify'd, is willing to receive her into his Arms again.* —

*A base Huzzy for her Pains*, crys old *Granny Chincough*, *I am sure she must be a naughty, vile, wicked Creature for her Pains: For, to my Knowledge, she herself told me, one Evening,*



ing, better things of her Husband; and I verily believe him as much a Man as any in the Parish; and really I am concern'd at his Misfortune, that he should be so much abused. — I'm of your Opinion, says a Second, and the De'l take me, if I believe she ever had any Affection for him at all. — It may be so, adds a Third, there must be some wicked Reserve in her Heart for another, when she first married him, or else the Puss would not shew such a cold Indifference to him now. — Poh! poh! crys one more amorously inclin'd, you blame the Woman before you know any thing of the matter: Tell me, in God's Name, added she, stamping her Foot, what did you and I marry for? Ha! — That's true, replied another, but what I blame her for, is, that she should so openly expose her own Virtue, and her Husband's Reputation: Had she contented herself with her 'Prentice, that's almost out of his Time, the Fault would have been more excusable, and not been attended with publick Censure. — That's pretty indeed, says Madam Locket, a Goldsmith's Wife, take up with Prentice-Boys, when there's Gentlemen enough to be had, who know how to pay their Devoirs with Breeding and Good-Manners. — Nay, Madam, says the former, begging your Pardon, likely Prentices are not to be despis'd, especially if we consider the Uncertainty of a Gentleman, that knows himself under no Obligation to be constant: When, on the other Hand, an Apprentice takes it for a great Favour, and is not only always ready at Hand, but under an Obligation of redoubling his Endeavours,

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'till he is sensible he has got the Faculty of pleasing: Besides, 'tis giving into the Fashion; the *City* follow the *Court Ladies*, and the *Country-Dames* the *City-Dames*; and as the *Quality* make use of their Well-hung Coachmen and Footmen, so we take up with our able *Journeymen*, and handsome *Apprentices*; leaving the *Country* to imitate us, in contenting themselves with *Hob* the *Plowman*, and *John* the *Carter*.—And here three or four chatter at once, *You're right, Madam, you're right!*—*A Man* knowing in himself, that his *Circumstances* are not sufficient to answer for what may reasonably be expected from our *Sex*, is a block-head to launch into the *STATE* of *MATRIMONY*, and deserves to have his *Horns* exalted above his *Neighbours* for his *Pains*.—And so this Controversy ended, the amorous Dames having spent their *Vitals*, and *Time*, in making themselves merry with their fulsome *Talk*.

The next and finishing Course, concludes this Gossiping, which is introduc'd with the extravagant and unnecessary Charge of a Basket full of *Sweet-Meats*, and a Load of *Services*, delicately made up in fine Papers; of which every Gossip putting up one, in her Handkerchief, take their Leaves and repair home to their dear Spouses.

But after all this Charge and Mirth, our married Man has not done yet: During the *Lying-in-Month*, the Gossips make frequent Visits to the Woman in the Straw, to the excessive Cost and Consumption of the Husband's Cash.—And here, if the industrious Husband begins to appear

pear any ways frugal, and retrench his Expences, a Hundred to one but some Devil of a Visitor or other, whispers the Spirit of Discontent into the Woman's Ear, and says, *Excuse me, Madam, if I tell you, that not only my self, but several of your Neighbours are asham'd to see your Husband carry himself so niggardly to'ards so indearing a Wife as your self, and this lovely Infant you have brought him into the World.* — I will not add, Madam, to your Grief, says another, but Faith, should my Spouse serve me so, I don't know how far my Resentments would lead me towards a Revenge, that would make him for ever repent it. *God's bartlikins*, cries a Third, *You're much to blame, Madam, in suffering it, since the World knows well enough your Family and Fortune is superior to his Deserts.* — Rouse up your Spirits, and let him perceive your Discontent with a Witness; for really 'tis out of Respect, that we are all as much concern'd at this Usage of yours, as you are your self.

The Woman, having still retain'd the Seed of the Old Serpent, sucks in their poisonous Discourse, with a great Gust, and thus answers: *Alas! kind Neighbours, 'tis with Grief that I am sensible of my Condition; and that what was told me before I married, I know by Experience to be a woful Truth now; for indeed, whatever he may appear to others, he is to me a peevish, feeble, stingy, narrow Soul'd Husband, and for what I know, grudges even the most ordinary and common Necessaries for the House.* — To which one replies. But if you'd be rul'd by me, Madam, the Scale shall soon turn,

turn, and you'll quickly find an Alteration. As soon as your Month is up, if you perceive him persist, lead him such a Peal in his Ears, that the whole Neighbourhood may ring again; and this do daily, 'till for Peace-sake, he'll put the Staff into your own Hands, and let you do what you please. — *In good Faith, I was forc'd to serve my young Spouse so, 'till I work'd his Temper to such a Degree, that he dare as well eat his Fingers-Ends, as contradict me in the least, or say, White was White, if I affirm'd the contrary.* — But, if you are resolv'd to be led by the Nose, and contented with his Morfels at Home, whilst he feeds upon his Delicacies abroad, thank your self in God's Name, and take it for your Pains. —

And then these Incendiaries fall on, and eat and drink extravagantly upon the Food of him they had just before abus'd, having made a damnable Breach between him and his Wife, entailing upon themselves the Curse of God for their Pains. Having cram'd and stuff'd their Paunches to excess, they take leave of their new Profelyte, and leave her to put in Practice their devilish Instructions.

Well, the kind Husband comes home at last, with his Head full of Business and Cares of the World; and having some Tenderness for his Wife, the first thing is to enquire of her Nurse after her Welfare. The hypocritical Nurse, like a perfidious Wretch, tells him, that truly her Mistress is in a very low Condition; and that 'tis well if she gets over it at last. At this, surprizing News, he is much disquieted, and cannot be easy 'till he softly enters the



Chamber, supposing her asleep; but finding her awake, tenderly kisses her, and asks his dear Deceiver how she does?—whom she faintly answers. *Bad, very bad, my Dear, for I am grown so very weak in my Body, and dejected in my Spirits, that I can scarcely support my self.* Alas! Child, replies he, I am heartily sorry for it: Come, compose your self as well as you can, the Nurse shall get you something that's nice to eat and drink; and I hope you'll do well again, from the bottom of my Heart.—*I have no Stomach,* cries she, *my Appetite is quite gone, and I hate the Thoughts of eating.*

However, the Nurse has Orders to provide some rich Jelly and comfortable Cordials, a *Chicken*, or a couple of *Larks*, of which, as soon as his back is turn'd, she eats and drinks heartily, and sleeps as heartily after it as ever she did in her Life; tho', when her Husband visits her again, she affirms that she has not had a Wink of Sleep all Night.

And thus the Intrigue is carried on, 'till her Gossips come to visit her again; when the good Man is forc'd to draw his Purse-strings, and launch out for another costly Entertainment; or else he must receive all their gibing Reflections, and be plagu'd and teaz'd out of his Life. And notwithstanding her Gossips are again well entertained; yet, when they have taken their Leave, and gone, she is not so ill, but she can upbraid him, and say, *The good Women my Neighbours, 'tis true, have been here, for which Kindness I heartily thank them, but truly they had better staid away, since*

*what*



what you provided for them was not fit to set before the Servants; and this my own Eyes were Witness of; when with Shame I could perceive 'em resent it, scoffing to one another: And because I don't rise forsooth, when I can hardly lift up my Head, you discover an uneasy and restless Temper.—

And here the Husband bites in his Grief, and tells her, I see my Dear, a little matter disturbs you, notwithstanding all the Pains and Care I take for your Welfare; but please your self, I am contented, and rise when you think fit; however, some Gentlewomen will come this Afternoon to visit you, and if you can sit up a little, without any Danger, I shall be heartily glad of it.—The Nurse here artfully intervenes, and cries, Lord Sir, 'tis not convenient my Mistress should talk so much, she being weak, the Vapours will fly up into her Head, and it will make her worse; at the same time drawing the Curtain, whilst he goes and makes the necessary Preparations for their Reception.

The time appointed drawing near, her Visitors come, whom the Husband outwardly receives with a welcome Air, and conducts 'em into his Wife's Chamber, and there leaves 'em till he goes to the *Exchange*, or about some important Business. And now the well sick Woman is persuaded to rise, and eat and drink Jollily with her Gossips; who commend her in following their Instructions, and enjoin her to hold on as she begun, that she may wrest the Staff wholly out of her Husband's Hands, and bring him absolutely to her exorbitant Will and Pleasure.

'Tis done, and she gains her Ends, the Husband is esteem'd paul'd and insipid, insomuch, that he is forc'd to rock the Cradle, hold the Bantling in his Arms, dry the pift Clouts, and a Thousand such like Meanneffes, for fear of being curs'd by his Nurse, and threatned with Horns from the Wife; who will be maintain'd hereafter at an extravagant Rate, if the Devil stands at the Door. As for his part, a miserable Life attends him, and Poverty steals upon him like an Armed Man, so that Despairing of ever living like a Man, he contentedly spends his Days in a base Subjection, to the imperious Humours of the Devil of a Wife; from which Good Lord deliver all Men.

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#### C H A P. IV.

*The fatal Consequences of being Married to a proud Woman, with some Instances of the intolerable Pride of the Fair Sex.*

**W**E have in the foregoing Chapter made ourselves something merry, with what in reality is often the most extravagant, and expensive Plague of a Married Life. The following Vice in a Woman, being a Crime which cast Lucifer out of Heaven (and is no where more predominant than in the Fair Sex) will sufficiently atone for the Mirth, and Jollitry of a Gossiping, and make our Married Man consider with a Witness, what Slavery he is Decoy'd into.

Having

Having been Married about 10 or 15 Years, he sees a numerous Offspring about him, who are always craving for Provision or Cloaths, and every Day makes a great Consumption in his Cash, so that he is just like one in a River, struggling hard to keep his Head above Water. Among the rest of the Children, we'll suppose there are three or four Daughters, and these forthwith, must fall under the Education of their Mother: The Pride of this Woman, who would have all her *Geese to be Swans*, is so great, that her Children must surpass all others, therefore they must follow the Fashion in all its Height, and Nicety, under the Pretence of alluring some amorous Spark or other into the *Fatal Snare*: Dancing, Singing, and Playing upon the Lute, the Virginals, and Harpsicord, they must be compleatly Taught, and nothing that's New, but what Madam and her Daughters must be seen early in; or else the Father shall be perpetually plagu'd with their impertinent and sawcy Answers, with scornful Looks, and sullen Humours. And this Undutifulness of theirs the Mother Vindicates, and Justifies, by Instancing some of her Neighbours Children, that are richly Cloath'd, whose Circumstances she tells him, are not superior to his, and therefore she knows no Reason why her Children should not make so good a Figure as theirs.

'Tis to no purpose to resist; all the Arguments in the World to persuade his Wife to observe a *Medium* in the Education of her Daughters are fruitless; he is tir'd out, and contents himself to go in a mean decent Dress, sufficient to keep out the Hardships of Wind and

Weather, that his Expences at home may be ballanced; and his Wife's Pride gratify'd.

Besides, as she has her Husband at Command, the Servants of Consequence must live very uneasy under such an imperious Mistress. If the China Ware is in the least displac'd, or the Tea-Table out of Order, there's as much Damage done, as if a High Wind had untild the House; so that she haughtily Storms, and raves, and plagues her Husband with impertinet Complaints, till the poor Man is forc'd to quit his Business, and content himself with going to the next Tavern or Ale-house to eat his Breakfast in Peace, at an unnecessary Charge.

If a Man has so much Soul in him, as will but fill a Taylor's Thimble, we must suppose him capable of shewing some Resentment at the Insolence of such a Wife.—Well, suppose he does, and, that he takes an Opportunity to express himself thus: 'Tis very odd, Madam, that you should not only carry your self so intollerable Proud, and drag up your Children in the same Vice; but endeavour as much as in you lies, to render me little among my Servants and Neighbours, when I am perpetually employ'd, Day and Night in contriving Ways and Means for the Support of an extravagant Family. I went out Fasting this Day, and am come home so, and yet I cannot have so much as a good Look from you. If he thus reprimands her, she will toss up her Head, and make this or some such snappish Reply: Yes, indeed, you do contrive abroad, when you let all things run to Rack in your Shop at home.—I don't know what Looks you'd have, not I: They are as

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you deserve: You tell me of Pride, and that I ruin you, because I bring my Children up mannerly, and genteel; when if any thing does it, 'tis your own Neglect in not minding the Apprentices, who squander away in Idleness your precious Time, whilst you are making merry with your Pot-Companions abroad.—Thou'rt a base Woman, (adds the Husband) to tell me of my Companions; if it were not for the Company I keep abroad, I am sure you and your Children would starve at home. 'Tis well known, I'm as frugal and saving as any in the Parish. Ay, ay, hang them that won't give themselves a good Word, (cries she) make them believe it that will, I won't.—And here she Raves and Storms, as if she had resolv'd to strike all the Fish-Whores at *Billingsgate* Dumb: So that the poor Man may talk himself to Death before he can be heard a Word; and must either stop his Ears, or run out a Doors, to get rid of her noisy clamorous Tongue. And thus the Pride of a Woman, in this Case, is like a Dropsy to him; for as fast as he gets Money in his Trade, she is gaping to devour it; and will never be satisfy'd till his Purse feeds her Fancy, let the Expence be never so great, and his Benefits never so small.

And now the Man is inevitably Ruin'd; his Wife having brought all the Family, Children as well as Servants, to take her Part, and rise up in Rebellion against him, whenever she pleases. Her Will is her Law, and though her Husband's Body can't be devour'd till Dead, yet her Pride will eat up his Reputation alive.

To



To Conclude. A Proud Wife, is an uncomfortable Companion, an implacable Torment, and will be Virtuous no longer than she can resist the Temptations of a Gold Watch, a magnificent Dress, and a stately Chariot; for many of the Fair Sex will part with their Virtue, and commit a Fault, not only to satisfy their amorous Inclinations, but also more to support their Pride.

So that whoever is marry'd to such a Wife, is as unhappy as a King that has a rebellious People to Govern, with no good Lieutenant to manage in his Absence; for all his Subjects Requests must be granted, to keep his Country in Quiet, so must the proud Woman be deny'd nothing from her Husband, to keep Peace in the Family.

In a Word, a Proud Wife is Lucifer sitting at the Husband's Elbow, compelling him to Submit where he has an undoubted Right to Govern, showing her self imperious in her Station; undutiful as a Relation; implacable as a Mistress, severe as a Mother; and sawcy as a Servant; being like Oak begirt with Ivy, that is the Ruin of all that comes within its circling Embraces.

*Thus Woman, tho' for Use and Service made,  
Assumes a haughty Pride, and is obey'd:  
Yet the Proud Dame, whom pale Lucina screens,  
Falls back, and gives Man leave to guide the  
Reins.*

*'Till, after some refreshing Sleep, she'd fain  
Unnerve the Power of Man, and rule again.*

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*And thus the imperious Dame, whose spurious  
Seed*

*Lucifer mourns, (as well he may indeed)  
To gratify her Pride, turns arrant Whore,  
And now is Nature's Sink and Common Shore.  
To such a Wife confin'd, hard is his Fate,  
Whose Stars have doom'd him to a marry'd State.  
No hopes of a Reprieve, but Noos'd for Life,  
Ty'd to the nauseous Drudg'ry of a Wife.  
When Repetition does our Senses cloy,  
How dull's the Object, and how faints the Joy!  
If ev'ry Night your Kindness is not shown,  
The next Day she pursues you with a Frown,  
For want of what she is asham'd to own.*

CHAP. V.

*Shewing that an Old Man's Marrying a  
Young Woman, is much the same as Wash-  
ing a Blackmoor White, with some Instances  
of the Follies and Miseries attending such  
Marriages.*

**M**Ankind are naturally subject to give into  
many Follies and Extravagancies, but no-  
thing argues more Vanity than an Old Man's  
making himself a *Devotee* to Love, and enter-  
ing into the State of Wedlock with a Young  
Woman. 'Tis a most horrid Crime against Na-  
ture, and so far unpardonable, that it ought to  
be punish'd by all the Reprisals Youth and  
Beauty can make in its own behalf.

And

And this is the Case here of an old doting Fumbler, who must venture upon a Wife of Seventeen, when he's old enough to be her Grandfather. What if she has had the Character of a light Housewife before, and whose Reputation was stain'd, yet Love has blinded him, so he cannot see her Defects. Her Friends indeed, might have marry'd her to better Advantage, had it not been for her Youthful Wantonnels; but the old feeble Piece of *Hums* and *Habs*, turns Idolater, and dotes upon his Mistress extremely, not giving the least Ear to any Story to her Prejudice. And that he may maintain her genteely, she has her Silks, Gold Watch, and other Fineries, whereby she makes as great a Figure as any of her Neighbours: So that she does what she pleases, in every thing; and complains of nothing to her self, but too much of his Company; and too strict an Observation over her.

Her youthful Blood not agreeing with his Icy Years, and a pamper'd way of Living, soon puts her upon looking out for a Gallant, with whom she may revel away some stolen Opportunities, unknown to her Horned Spouse. By the help of a She Confident, she soon gets acquainted with a Person fit for her purpose, on whom she bestows all the amorous Carresses, and Indearments, a Gallant can expect from his Mistress. — Well, Assignations of Meeting are frequently made, till the Amour takes Wind, and our Fumbler is become the Diversion of the Parish. But what cares She? Her Gallant she will have in spite of all his Inspection, let him be never so vigilant.

She

She can droll him as she pleases, and turn and wind him up to her Key, with as much Ease as a *Raree-Show* Man does his Instrument: And having over Night made an Appointment to visit her Spark the next Day, she pretends a mighty Affection for her aged Spouse, and goes to Bed to him, with abundance of Love, though in Truth, she values him no more than the Devil does Holy-Water. Being in Bed together, she takes in her Arms, his Icy Limbs, and contents her self with endeavouring to unthaw 'em, 'till the Blood at last begins to find some Motion, and circulate; when his Lechery would fain be doing what Nature deny'd him: Not *Short* and *Sweet* are the Pleasures she draws from him at this time, but nauseous and tiresome are the Dregs of his Old Age; so that in a little while she shakes off the Piece of Earthen Ware, who soon Chills and Freezes into Ice again: Her Head all the while running upon nothing but Meeting with her Gallant, and Plotting how she may bilk Old Crazy in the Morning. And thus she brings the Matter about.

'Tis a Hundred to one, when the Morning comes, but she finds him fast asleep; for Age and Infancy is childish and sleepy; which if she does, she soon dresses, and brushes off the Premises, leaving Instructions with her Maid, to tell the Fumbler, that she was call'd out to assist at a Labour: But, if *Memento Mori* should chance to be awake in the Morning, then she feigns an Indisposition, and desires him to get up, that she may take her Rest, and lie undisturb'd a little. The aged Sire, tender of her



as a *Cat* of her *Kittens*, is concern'd for her Welfare, and covers her up warm, and bidding her be of good Cheer, gives her a Kiss, and leaves her.

Thus She lies for an Hour, and studies how to get abroad. At last She rises, and appears something better: Then the old Cuckold is overjoy'd, and ready to jump out of his Skin, that the Wife of his Bosom, and one whose Death would bring his Gray Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave, is so soon recover'd, and in a fair way of doing well again.

And now She must eat her Breakfast with something that's Nice, when she fancies, immediately taking the Benefit of the Air for a Day or two, may do her some Good, a Coach is call'd, and the Husband gives her leave, and she and her Maid drive away to spend the Day with her Gallant, leaving the superannuated Teazer to follow them to her Country Lodgings at Night.

And thus, her damn'd Subtilty deceives the Husband to be so fond of her, that he denies her nothing. For when she has a fancy to wheedle him out of something Considerable, she dissembles in Bed with him, and grows so fond all of a sudden, that the Old Man is even squeez'd to Death in her Arms, at the same time instructing him in all the different ways of Love, to make his Passion the more eager and fierce. And now, whilst the Remembrance of their Carresses are still fresh, She tells him a Thousand Lyes; amongst the rest, She calls him her Dear, and says,

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My Honey, above all things, pray be careful of your own Welfare ; for if you should labour under any Indisposition, it will soon seize me, and lay me under the greatest Mortification in the World. My Life and Soul is wrapt up in yours, so that all my Felicity consists in your Welfare.— And may Heaven grant, whenever I die, that my Soul may breath out in your Arms, such hearty Wishes for your eternal Welfare, as can only proceed from so affectionate a Wife, who never toucht the Lips of any other Man but her Husband's—— No, (says he) surely Love your mistaken ; don't you remember the Gentleman that made his Addresses to you before me ?—— Indeed, (adds she) I can't remember he ever so much as saluted me ; nor had I any Inclination he should ; for my Heart was set upon you the first time I saw you ; so that I was thoroughly perswaded (since Marriages are made in Heaven.) it was ordain'd I should have the Happiness of being your Wife.——

And thus She works him into a liberal Disposition, so that his Chest is open'd, and his Bags are at her Disposal. Now, She grows lasciviously wanton, and cannot content her self with one Gallant, but must have Variety at her Command, whom She extravagantly gratifies, at the Cuckoldly Miser's Cost : They all show her Favours at Times She thinks convenient, 'till She is satiated in Venereal Embraces, reposing in the Confidence of her Maid, who, as the Curtains could not speak, durst not tell any Tales, lest She should lose all her Perquisites, which were generally very large ; besides now

and then a Taste of the same Favours her Mistress enjoy'd.

At last, as ill Fortune would have it, the Old Cuckold is inform'd of his Wife's Lewdness, and brought so near her one Day, when She was in the Arms of a young brawny Gallant, that his own Eyes, without the help of Spectacles, were Witnesses of the Matter; at which he falls into a most horrid Passion, and would have done them both a Mischief, had not her Spark drawn his Sword, and made off.

As for her, She presently had the Impudence to justify her self, and tell him, he had his Deserts, since his old fumbling Carcass was of no Use to a Woman, whose Youth and Charms were no ways fitting for such an Icy Constitution as his: Upbraiding him at the same time, with his scoundrel Relations, and threatening him, in case he complain'd, with a Perseverance in her Wickedness, till his Horns should be exalted above his Neighbours, as all old doting Cuckoldly Coxcombs should be serv'd. Poor *Erra Pater* is now confounded at her Perfidiousness; and being sensible that there was no reclaiming her from such lewd Courses, laid it so to Heart, that a deep Melancholly seiz'd his Spirits, which in a little time so wasted his Body, that soon after it ended his Days, and brought indeed his hoary Locks with Sorrow to the Grave; which may serve as a *Memento Mori* for those who are making such unequal Matches.

And here, it may not be amiss to divert the Reader with the Relation of a certain eminent Citizen of *London*, who, in his Old Age, crept into the *Fatal Snare*, and Married a young Buxom Lais.

Money

Money has something astringent in it, so that were it not for Wealth, the Number of Cuckolds would diminish, and the Knack of making *Smithfield Bargains* vanish into nothing. 'Twas upon this Account, that a Marriage was contracted between a Citizen, near 60 Years of Age, and a young Gentlewoman with but a slender Fortune.

They had not been marry'd above a day or two, but the old rich Cuff took an Occasion to tell his fair Bride; *That since they were enter'd into the Holy State of Matrimony, their Time must not be altogether spent in Mirth and Jollirry, of which he presum'd they had already their Share: 'Twas therefore now expedient, he thought, that they should apply themselves to Business in their several Stations; he to his Affairs abroad, and she in the Management of the Family at home.*

This sudden and unexpected Declaration of the Old Man's, join'd to the chill and nauseous Embraces of his old Carcass, whose Bones rattled in his Skin, like Beans in a Bladder, struck her in a Minute with such an Indifference for him, that ever after she had him no more in her Thoughts as a Husband, but as a Screen to hide her Amours with one whose Youth and Parts were more agreeable to her Expectations.

To disguise her Intentions the better, she received the old Fumblers Orders with all the chearfulness imaginable; and apply'd her self immediately to Business. As his Concerns requir'd him to be absent all the Afternoon, till late at Night, it gave her the most promising

Opportunity she could wish for. She saw a Youth in the Family, that was her Husband's chief Accountant, a Knight's Son, whose Parents had given a considerable Sum of Money with him, that he might be Instructed and Taught the whole Art of Merchandize, and as he was every way a compleat and agreeable Youth, so she was the more inflam'd, and entertain'd a violent Passion for him; which rag'd so violently in her, that she could not forbear expressing her self thus, one Day in her Chamber.

Tell me no more, ye whining Cants, and pretended Religious Men, that *Matches are made in Heaven*, to make us miserable here on Earth: That Parents have a Right to poise the Affections of their Children proportionable to the Bags in the Scale: And that a wither'd and rotten Carca's, eaten up with Gout and Old Age, can come within the Verge of Youth and Beauty, and not strike a killing Damp to all its Charms: No, no, 'tis a Crime the Divine Powers never indulg'd, but a Mercenary and Damnable Sin, in the Parents, who thus Sacrifice their Daughters. And yet alas! this is my Case, link'd to an Old impotent Husband, who has nothing at Heart but his Muck, nor any thing to recommend him that's agreeable, but his Wealth. Well, then, his Wealth I am Marry'd to, and that shall atone for his Impotency, till I can discover my Passion to that lovely Youth Mr. *Thomas*. Oh! could I but let him know my Mind, and that my Marriage was the Choice of others, and not my own; and that he only has a Place in my Heart, I perswade my self he would  
indulge



indulge a Passion so violent, and quickly make me happy in his Embraces.

It was in her Chamber, that She let fall these Expressions, adjoining to which was an Accounting-House, where Mr. *Thomas* was then writing, and who at the same time overheard all she said.—The Affections of young People, when Love strikes Fire, soon takes like Tinder, so that Mr. *Thomas* labour'd under as fierce a Passion as his Mistress; and took all the Opportunities he could to let her see it, by his obliging Temper; whilst she was contriving a way to let him know how happy she could make him.—And one Day the critical Minute came, The old Gentleman after Dinner went out, as usual; but left Word with his Spouse, that in Case he did not come home by Ten o' Clock that Night, he would have her go to Bed, and let Mr. *Thomas* and the Maid stay up for him.

In short, she resolv'd this Afternoon, that She would plant a Pair of Horns on his Head, and therefore, as usual, after Dinner, took to her Chamber, and knowing Mr. *Thomas* was then in the Accounting-House, she call'd him in, and boldly bidding him sit down by her, asked him if he had Honour and Faith enough to keep a Secret.—

At first, he knew not what Answer to make her, but having overheard her say something the Day before in his Favour, he concluded it must be upon the same Subject now; and therefore as boldly answer'd, *he not only could, but would at the Expence of his Life.* Upon which ensu'd the following Dialogue between them.

You



You cannot but be sensible Mr. Thomas, (said She) that one of my Years must labour under no small uneasiness, to see my self wedded to your Master, whose Age points down to the Grave, and makes him more fit for a Tomb than the Marriage Bed: What other Method then can I take to extricate my self out of his Icy Embraces, but to fly into the Arms of one, who only can make me happy? —

Mr. Thomas, not willing to shew himself over forward at first, reply'd. 'Tis true, Madam, it has been matter of Wonder to me, and all my Acquaintance, that a young Lady possess'd with so many Charms, should fall into the Hands of a weak, testy old Man; nor can it be suppos'd, that you should have the same Affection for him, as there is between a Couple, whose Youth and Beauty are fresh and gay.

So that I am of Opinion, a young Woman, in Case of having a superannuated Husband, whose Heat and Activity is lost, may, and ought to take to her Embraces a Person whom she fancies can give Nature its due: Besides, this Opinion is founded upon the Custom of divers Countries, where Women are allowed the Liberty of having more than one Man, as well as Men the Privilege of the Plurality of Wives.

'Tis therefore, (said she) I have made choice of one to supply his Place, and tho' I am forc'd to tell you so, yet putting my Confidence in you, I cannot compass my Design without your Assistance. Will you? — but, Oh! My Blushes forbids my saying what; and yet I am under a fatal Necessity of telling you, since your Bashfulness, I fear, makes me not rightly be understood.

flood. — Will you, then, Name your self to be the Person I have made choice of, and accept of an Esteem for you, which sets aside all distance between us, and gives you free Access to those Endearments you'll find no Reason to repent of? — And here She fetching a Sigh, She declined her Head in his Bosom, and sunk in his Arms; when there wanted no Inclination in Mr. *Thomas* to gratify her Love, by repeating those Pleasures, drawn from a Couple so amorously inclin'd, at a Time when stolen Waters were sweetest.

And thus they spent their Time, till they heard a Noise of some body crawling up Stairs, which prov'd to be her Husband, who being disappointed of his Company, was returned some Hours sooner than was expected. —

A Woman's Invention is often very quick, and so it luckily prov'd at this time; for Mr. *Thomas* had no way to hide himself, nor to get to the Accounting-House, before her Husband came in, when she made him kneel down, at the same time, flinging her large Hoop Petticoat over him, sat upon his Head as if he were a Close-Stool, in a Posture as if she was labouring under some Indisposition. The old Cuckold perceiving this, hobbled to her with some Concern; at which She claspt him fast about the Neck, and feigning herself going into a Fit, squeez'd him so hard, that old Grizzle had like to have been strangled, which Mr. *Thomas* perceiving, stole softly from under her, and got off, without any Distrust or Danger; contenting himself with what Sweets he had already tasted, and what another Opportunity might afford him.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VI.

*The Felicity of Marrying a Scold; and the Comfort of letting the Woman wear the Breeches.*

**T**HE Wise Man says, that a Contentious Woman is like the dropping of Rain, in a Rainy Day; which in time washes and consumes all before it. Yet young Men, notwithstanding whatever is left 'em for Instruction, will suffer themselves to be trick'd insensibly into the matrimonial Noose, by Women of Peevish, Fretful, and Scolding Tempers, so that let the Man do his utmost Endeavours, and be the best of Husbands, let him skin a Flint, or carry a Box about him to save the Droppings of his Nose, yet a litigious Wife shall be one of the most hellish Plagues to him Mankind can have this side the Grave: And which no Man deserves, but that foolish Blockhead, which suffers the Staff to go out of his own Hands. He is what he ought to be, a Cypher, a Nose of Wax, to be work'd which way she pleases, for for She must Rule, Govern, Domineer, Insult, Brawl, Fight, and what not, till She is let into all the Man's Circumstances both at home and abroad; direct all Business, keep the Cash, bestow as much as she pleases upon herself, and as little as She pleases upon her Husband; or else her whole Delight is to Plague and Torment him,

To bring about this mighty Victory, (which should be on the Man's Side, had he so much

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of the Man in him, as to take her down in her Wedding Shoes) the first thing She begins with, after they have pretty well feasted on the Banquets of Love, is, to begin the Battle first, and that without the least Provocation, or room to find Fault. And thus it is.

The Morning She spends in taking to her Closet, (whilst he is employ'd in drudging abroad, or employing himself at home among his Servants) and there She studies the Art of Dressing till Dinner-time. So soon as Dinner is ready, the Maid is sent to desire her to come and Dine with him: When to his surprize She comes down with this Answer, Sir, my Mistress does not intend to Eat any thing to Day. The Husband highly concern'd at this Answer, sends her up again, to tell her, that he earnestly desires her to come to Dinner. The Maid does as She's bid. But the Mistress Answers, *Have I not told you already, Hussy? Go and tell him once more, that I will not come.* — Not satisfied with this Answer, he sends a third time, but it's all Labour in Vain: So that at last he goes at last himself, and says, Prithee my Dear, what's the matter you won't come and dine with me as usual; I hope you are not indispos'd. — He may as well talk to a Post, for she'll Answer him nothing. The Devil of Doggedness is got into her Stomach, so that he may as well *save his Breath to cool his Pottage.* Tho' perhaps, another time, he may persuade her to go to Dinner, when either the Meat is boil'd to Rags, or Roasted 'till 'tis as dry as a Chip; and then, forsooth, She has no Stomach, and says, she cannot Eat; and the fond Fool her Husband,

at



at the same time, being ready to Eat his Fingers Ends with Hunger, is such a Damn'd Blockhead, and Thief to Nature, as to comply with her Humour, and fast too! O, Fools, *when will ye be Wise!* — And pray, what is the Effect of all this? Why, the more he submits to her peevish Humour, and shows her the more Kindness, the more he may; for in return she'll only slight and disrespect him the more, and truly she is in the right to serve him so; since a Woman's under no Necessity of Courting the Affections of one who doats upon her already; on the contrary, She ought to use all the insinuating Artifices She can to Share the Esteem of one who deals roughly and more like a Man with her.

Having gain'd this first Point, in making her Husband little at home, the next thing is, to render him pitiful and diminutive to his Acquaintance abroad. And this She brings about thus. — Her Husband accidentally meeting with some intimate Friends abroad, to whom he is under some Obligation of showing respect, accordingly he gives them an Invitation home to Dinner with him, it being less chargeable than to Treat 'em at the Tavern; and therefore sends his Man home to give his Wife Notice of it beforehand, that every thing might be provided that's Necessary and Decent, for his Reputation sake. The Message being deliver'd, the Mistress takes Pepper in her Nose; and says, *By my Troth, I'll have nothing to do with his Treats: Pray why did not he come and tell me himself what his Companions love best.* I know nothing of that, Madam, (says the Servant) but this he commanded

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commanded me to tell you, and I believe he expects to find all things as he desires.—*About your Business*, Sirrah, replies She, *what, you're sawcy, are not you? Pray mind your own Concerns.* And then, that She may set a Value upon her Husband's Credit, She sends all the Servants about some frivolous Errands abroad, keeping a well tutor'd Creature behind, call'd her Waiting-Maid, who has often so much of the Maid in her, that She is as common to all the Prentices as Monsieur Raggou's Mistress was to the whole Troop. And this Waiting-Maid must be the Mistress's Confident, who is left with Instructions to receive her Master, whilst his Spouse takes to her Chamber, and locks her self in. When the Good Man is come home, and asks whether every thing is provided according to his Order, she answers, *Indeed Sir, my Mistress was taken very ill before John came, that she was forc'd to lie down upon the Bed, and has not been stirring since. As for my part, the Servants being all abroad, 'twas impossible, Sir, that I could do any thing.* This Disappointment inwardly vexes the Husband, who strives to stifle his Resentment as much as he can, and leads his Friends into the Parlour, where all things are found in Confusion; so that he gives a Trip up Stairs to his Wife, and asks her the Reason of such disgraceful Treatment; and justly upbraids her with Ingratitude and Ill Nature, not only to himself, but to his Friends who have done him so many Services, for which he is under the greatest Obligation to them in the World.

*And how could I help it?* cries She, *what would*

*would you have me to do? — Do?* replies he, behave your self more like a Wife to me; and if you can't oblige my Friends with your Conversation, what Necessity had you for sending all the Servants out of the Way; so that I might have no Soul to wait upon me? — *In my Conscience*, retorts she, *you are a pretty Man to ask such a Question: Can I conjure, do you think? How the Devil should I know what Occasion you had for them?* — When the imperious, spiteful, ill-natur'd Piece of Earthen Ware, did it only on purpose to disappoint and vex him.

Well, the Husband leaves her, and goes down to his Friends, and bustling about, sets things in as good Order as he can, excusing himself as much as possible, at the Expence of a Lye or two, in behalf of his Spouse, when he might see with half an Eye, that his Friends, by their Looks, were sensible, *That the Gray Mare was the better Horse.*

Then he calls the Maid, and bids her go and get some clean Linnen, and spread the Table; but the Mistress sends Word, *That truly the Linnen she has below already, is clean enough, and that she shall have no other.* This incenses the Husband, who steps up to her, and tells her what Shame and Disgrace it will bring to them both, to entertain his Friends with no more Decency and Respect. — *Why, what in God's Name would you have?* cries she, *my Friends and Relations can take up with Linnen, when they come to Visit me, that is not half so clean as what you have to accommodate your Consorts with: But however,* adds She,

to stop his Mouth at once, *since you will know every thing, let me tell you, my best Table Cloths and Napkins are already in the Wash, and so you may rest satisfy'd, without nothing will please you, but the fine Damask and Diaper, my Mother gave me at our Marriage, which are under Lock and Key, but where the Key is, God knows, for I don't: You'd best ask your Maid for it.*

This Language from a Wife, enrages him to the highest Degree, so that if he is any thing of a Man, he is for breaking open Locks, and driving all before him, and no sooner threatens to do it, but she cries out: *By my Faith, break e'er a Lock of mine, I'll make you repent it the longest Day you have to live; and that you shall quickly find, in spite of your drunken Companions below.*—And these Words She pronounces so loud, that she is sure the whole House must hear her: So that the poor Fop scratches his Ears, and is ready to tear the Hair off his Head for Madness; and is at his Wits end, not knowing what to do. At last, he wisely thinks it most expedient to leave her to herself, and entertains his Companions as well as he can.

Well, he no sooner parts with his Guests, but big with Anger, up he goes to his Wife, and first begins to reprove her gently, saying, my Dear, you seem to be a very strange Woman, to expose a Husband who has nothing more at Heart than your Welfare. It's a Mystery to me, and I know not what you mean by it. Can any Man on Earth take a greater Affront, from one whose delight should be to please her Husband?

band? To which she answers very haughtily, *Lord help me, you have great Reason to complain, indeed, when all my Drift is to curb your Extravagancy, that we may have something to live upon in time of need. Can any Woman in the Parish be more industrious than my self, who, whilst you are taking your 'Pleasure abroad with every Sot, I am taking all the Pains and Care I can to keep both Ends together at home. But I see well enough, you are bent upon ruining your self, and making me miserable : But, as I have a Soul to be sav'd, I'll stop your Career, or it shall cost me a Fall if I don't.*

This is the Life the poor Wretch must live, and passively submit to by Degrees, 'till she has, Step by Step, advanced herself to such a Pitch, as to have the sole Power in her own Hands. Hence follows a doggish Submission from a Husband to an imperious Wife. If he stays longer than the Hour she allows him, there's nothing but a Scolding Pout at his coming Home, and *Buttock-Beef* for his Supper. In short, she makes the Devil to Pay with him : If the Clock strikes Ten when he knocks at the Door, 'tis between Eleven and Twelve (if she says it) when he comes in : If Eleven, then she says 'tis betwixt Twelve and One ; and that the Company he keeps must be either Whores or Rogues ; swearing by all that's good she'll either Fire the House where he uses, or else come and pay him a Visit, that shall make him odious enough to his Companions.

If all this won't do, and that her Husband has any Relations he has a particular Respect for, to be sure she will contrive to affront 'em, and

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and never be at rest till She makes him withdraw his Affections from them; whilst she settles her own upon some private Gallant, or in giving up her self to Company, and the most odious Vice of excessive Drinking.

In a Word, The Nature of this Woman is prone to indulge all the darling Sins of Hell; and will inconsiderately comply with any Maxim that's damnable; a sawcy and imperious Manage runs through all her Actions; she is quickly fir'd with Passion, and the Malice of her Heart retains an Affront so long as never to forgive it: Jealousy and Mistrust, is legibly to be read in her Face; and though she can be as profuse as the greatest Extravagant, at anothers Cost, yet She is Griping and Covetous as Death; and seldom bestows any thing on another she can find serviceable to her self: So that she is, in short, an Original Piece, a *Woe-Man in Perfection*, whom God has sent into this World, to be a just Scourge, and a Curse to such a Fool of a Man, as suffers himself to be Henpeckt by such a Beast of a Wife.







## C H A P. VII.

*The Felicity of a Man's being in the State of Matrimony so long, till Old Age and Sickness seizes him.*



O sooner has the wanton Boy decoy'd a Man to throw himself into the Fatal Snare of Matrimony, but such a Person may justly be said to imprison himself: And though he has a brisk, careful Wife, by whom he has Issue several fine Children, which may induce him to fancy himself blest with too many Comforts; yet, alas,—we are so often deceiv'd in our Opinion of Happiness, since Time produces many Instances of such dear bought Felicities: And this may be easily demonstrated, if we consider, that after our Married Man runs a Length in that State, as Master and Head of his Family, governing them with Credit and Reputation; yet, after all, when he is become full of Years, and the Infirmities of Old Age seize him, you then see him confin'd to his Chamber by the *Gout* or *Rheumatism*, or some obstinate and Chronick Distemper, so that he is not able to move, or help himself in the least. And now, the Wife, who long had been kept to her Duty, begins to exert her self, and gain the Ascendant. And how can the Husband help himself,

himself, he being her Prisoner, and lying wholly at her Mercy? She grows surly and cross to him; the Children and Servants Disobedient, Headstrong, and Unruly, back'd and countenanc'd by an ungrateful Wife, who will not suffer him so much as to reprove them for their Faults. The afflicted good Man sees all this with extreme Sorrow and Regret, but what afflicts him most is, the Undutifulness of his only Son and Heir, whom the Mother indulges only to break her Husband's Heart.

To add the more to his Uneasiness, he is left alone to his Chamber, where he must sit with Patience, whilst she runs Gossiping among her Neighbours, exposing him as a Peevish, Fretful, Churlish Husband, by saying, *Alas Neighbour, was not I a Woman enderwed with the Patience of Job, I could never have liv'd half so long with so uneasy and Homoursome a Man.* And then she comes Home, and instead of comforting him in his Afflictions, ungratefully upbraids him, by throwing in his Dish, that the Punishment he suffers is justly inflicted on him by God, as the Deserts of his former Freedoms he has taken o'er a Bottle with his Friends; or some such aggravating and reproachful Language.

The aged Sire, at this Unkindness of hers, being justly incens'd, resolves to reprove her for it, and therefore calmly calls his Wife and Children before him, and expresses himself thus:

My Dear (*says he*) you cannot but be sensible, that you are the only Person I ever lov'd; my Indulgence hitherto sufficiently proves it; but yet give me leave to tell you, that the Reward

ward I now find for all my Affections, is a Carriage no ways suitable from a loving Wife to her afflicted Husband: But notwithstanding Providence has laid his Hand of Affliction upon me, yet you must not be unmindful that I am still your Husband, and that I remain Master of my Family as well in Sickness as in Health. You are not ignorant, *adds he*, that in Obedience to my Marriage Vow, I have nourish'd you as the Wife of my Bosom, and kept you as the Apple of my Eye, but yet, neither you, nor my Children, have behaved your selves as you ought to have done, which cannot, if rightly consider'd, but move you to a just Sense of your Duty for the future.

To which the perverse Wife makes answer: *You complain, indeed, when alas! your Complaints are groundless; for what, in God's Name, would you have done? You are too well used, I think, when nothing we can do will please you: What, would you have us stand all Day long with our Fingers in our Mouths watching you? Not I, indeed, neither do I deserve this Language from you.*

Then turning to his eldest Son, he reproves him for his Undutifulness and Misbehaviour; tells him of the Folly of keeping bad Company, and spending his Money profusely; and that if he will take up and reform, he well be reconcil'd to him, and leave him a competent Estate.

The Wife here interrupting him, cries, *Alas! What would you have him do, and how must he behave himself? For my part, I see no ill Conduct he is guilty of: But you are the strangest Man living, always complaining of your Family,*

*mily, so that certainly there is not such another Person in the World.*— And away She goes with her Undutiful Son, consulting how they shall make the World believe, that the good old Man is grown crazy, and become a Child again.

Here is a comfortable State, indeed, let them Fancy so, that will; for my part, I look upon it to be one of the greatest Plagues upon Earth, to see a Man advanced in Years, labouring under old Aches and Pains, confin'd to his Chamber, and debarr'd the Comfort of conversing with his Friends and Relations, having none about him, but what rather studies to teale and perplex him, than any ways to sympathize with his Infirmities: Who lingers away his Life with Grief and melancholly Reflections; pines his restless Minutes away in Pain and Anguish, and languishes on the Bed of Sorrow, till his more compassionate Maker takes him to himself, from the ungrateful Brute his Wife, and his unnatural Offspring her Children.

*From such a Wife, may Fortune free us all:  
On such a Wife let Plague and Vengeance fall:  
And let that hoodwin'd Sout who speaks her  
Praise,*

*Be Woman's Drudge, till Woman ends his Days.  
And when, too late, he moans his wretched Case,  
Dying, may leave a Curse on all her Race.*







## C H A P. VIII.

*The Comforts of Burying a young Wife, and Marrying a Widow.*

**N**One can be more sensible of this Comfort, than he who hath taken such Pains to find a Passage into the Net, when he is drawn in an ensnared by a young Woman; enjoying together Delights and Pleasures without Contention or Disturbance. A happy Life indeed, and such as might make a Man thirst after the Cup of Matrimony! They Caress one another incessantly, like two Turtles, for they are Two in One United; and if the one is in the least discompos'd, the other sympathizeth in the Pain and Affliction; but these are Halcyon Days, too serene and calm to last long; for the Wife dies suddenly, and puts a Period to all their Amours and happy Enjoyments. The young Man grows disconsolate, bewails Night and Day the irreparable Loss of his Wife; sometimes complaining of Death, and other times of the Capriciousness of Dame Fortune, Nature's Whirllegig, that is always turning, and never fixed or settled. Thus, for some time, he lives in Misery, shuns all Society, abandons all Comfort, ruminating upon his Misfortune, the Deprivation of so good and kind a Comfort: He

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He dreams of her continually, thinks of her without Intermiſſion, and loves her Memory. But it is a true, tho' old Saying, *Nullum violentum: Sorrows are ſhort, that are ſharp and violent.* But after all this, our young Gentleman, though he hath been once caught in the Net, muſt be ſo Foppish as to venture a ſecond time, and is baited into it again, to his great Grief and Diſcontent, by a Widow, who is a Perſon of a quite contrary Humour to his former Wife, of a middle Age. Firſt, ſhe carries her ſelf very demure, with a tolerable Diſcretion; but at length, when ſhe hath ſufficiently pried into his Temper, and thoroughly underſtood his Conſtitution, then ſhe begins to ſhew her Teeth, and play upon his ſweet Diſpoſition, (a Fault too incident to that Sex) brings him to her Bow, and manages him to her beſt Advantage, ſhe ſtudying nothing but her own, not his Satisfaction. And certainly there are no ſuch Vaſſals in the worſt of Servitude, who are ſo enſlaved as ſimple young Men, who are linked to Widow'd Women, eſpecially when they are of a croſs and ſordid Humour; and he that is ſo unfortunate as to be reduced to this Extremity, has no other Redreſs, but to pray to God to grant him Patience to undergo his weighty Affliction; if that won't do, his utmoſt Refuge is to have recourſe to a Hempen Halter, and ſo ſtrangle himſelf together with his Miſery. Now ſhe begins to appear in her Colours; ſhe grows Jealous of him (the very Bane of a Married Life) and is ſo inſatiable, that ſhe is diſſatisfied if he be but a Minute out of her Embraces, cannot endure him out of her Sight, and every  
Woman

Woman he casts an Eye upon; he lusts after. When Widows meet with young Flesh, they cherish it, because it renews their Strength and Vigour; and there is nothing more noisome or prejudicial to a young Man's Health than a Lascivious, Draining old Wife: Yet I look upon an old Man to be the greater Brute of the two, who Smugs and Trims himself up with Artificial Ornaments to make him appear Youthful, and then marries a young Girl. This is a most intolerable piece of Vanity, a Foppery neither to be allowed, nor imitated; his nauseous Breath proceeding from the Corruption of decayed Lungs, must needs offend beyond Expression; Coughing, Sneezing, Spawling, Groaning and Spitting (tho' not a Word of spitting in the right Bason) must needs be very unacceptable to Youth, if not odious and loathsome. But to return to our young Gentleman taken into the *Snare* a second time, (the greater his Folly) his Wife grows so greedy after Man's Flesh, that she could find in her Heart to turn She Canibal, and devour it: She is stark mad with Jealousy, and if he goes to Church with never such real, pious and devout Intentions, she suspects he has some sinister and wicked Designs. I am apt to believe, there can be no real Love without some Smack or Spice of Jealousy: For certainly no Man or Woman would match themselves to a Creature, who had no Quality, or Parts, to create an Inclination in a second Person towards them, that would betray the Foolishness of their Choice; but this sort of Jealousy, or rather Suspicion, occasions no Domestick Feuds, or Household Jarrs, because it is only an Excess of Kindness or Affection;

Affection; but that which creates a groundless Suspicion and Diffidence of the Party beloved, and ends in Brawling and Contention, must needs be the worst of Plagues, and the cursed Sting and Torment of Matrimony. If these be the Comforts of a married Life, let me enjoy my Liberty and Freedom in a single State, and live happily without Dissatisfaction or Disturbance. I do not in the least blame the State of Matrimony, mistake me not; but the rash and precipitate Election of those Hot-spurs, that run headlong into that Condition without deliberate Consideration. *Hippocrates*, the famous *Greek* Physician, hath a smart Saying, and very pertinently applicable to our young Gentlemen, *Vetulam non novi, cur morior?* I never wedded an old Wife, and why should I die? It had been well for him, if he had laid this Sentence to heart, and matcht himself to one of his own youthful Temper, then he might have liv'd happily, and contentedly, though here we must take our leave of him, gasping for his last Breath in a wretched and deplorable Condition.



H

CHAP.



## C H A P. IX.

*The Comforts of a Man in a Married State,  
who is obliged to Travel abroad.*

**T**HE Person we are to speak of in this Chapter, is one, we'll suppose, resolved to venture his Life and Fortune in his Prince's Service beyond-Sea, and in order hereunto, first acquaints his Wife with his unshaken Resolution; she embraces and caresses him with Tears in her Eyes: Alas! my Dear, saith she, can you have the heart to forsake me, and the Pledges of our Love, these sweet Babes? will you now desert me, and leave me and my Children to the wide World, Comfortless and Husbandless, when we have lived so contented, as Man and Wife, for some Years together? My Dear! said he, I must go, my Honour lies at stake, which is dearer than Life, and the World besides. I must obey my King, or forfeit my Loyalty, and the Estate that I hold of his Majesty by Tenure to serve him in his Wars; but in Grace of God I hope to see you suddenly, if he pleases to continue my Life and Health, and he is best able to provide for you. Thus he takes leave of his Wife with a heavy Heart, and she is as big with seeming Sorrow at their parting; recommending her and his Children to



to the Care and Tuition of his Friends. As soon as he arrives in the Camp, he being an active brave Soul, cannot rest without some Attempt to signalize his Valour, and attacks the Enemy with so brisk an Assault, that he clears all before him ; so the Dispute continuing hot on both sides, a considerable time, but at last stimulated by Honour and Glory, presses too far into the Body of the Enemy, when the poor Gentleman has the Misfortune to be taken Prisoner, and is kept three or four Years, before he can procure an Exchange or Ransom to obtain his Liberty.

His Lady is very inquisitive after his Welfare, and at last receives some slight and uncertain Information of his Death, which she seems to take very grievously, and falls into an Excess of Sorrow ; but certainly Women were not created only to weep ; besides, inordinate Grief is forbidden and sinful. God be thanked, in a very short time this Grief is over, and she is married to another. The entire Affection she had for her former Husband, and his Issue, is quite forgot and lost ; all her fond Caresses and Embraces before, and at his Departure, are buried with him (as she thinks) in Oblivion, without hopes of a Resurrection. She shews more Love to the second than she did to her first Husband ; but that fickle Baggage Fortune will have it so, that her Husband at length is released, and returns, though much decay'd and broken by the Severity of his Imprisonment, and the hard usage he receiv'd from the Enemy. No sooner he's arrived, but he makes diligent Enquiry after his Wife and Children,

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when

when the thoughts of their Miscarriage must certainly much aggravate the Affliction and Grief of his Condition. At last he understands the dismal and unwelcome News of her Second Marriage: Now, judge you, what a Confusion he is in at this stabbing Relation. The Anguish of *Priam* King of *Troy*, when he was acquainted with the Death of *Hector*, was not certainly comparable to his. At last he comes home, and is fully informed of all the particulars. What a Distraction he now is in may easily be imagined, but never fully exprest; what Course to steer, or how to grapple with this Misfortune, is a Controversy that cannot well be decided. What Revenge can he study suitable to her Crime? What Punishment doth she not deserve to have inflicted upon her for Faithlessness? As he is a Man of Courage and Honour, he can never be so puny-hearted as to put up this Injury unsatisfied, nor can he buckle to so tame and unmanly a Condescension, as to readmit her into his Bed, though her Husband should dispense with it. On the other side, he who married her last, must needs be very much disturbed at this unlucky Business; and having been satiated with her, must hate and forsake her, for Love and Empire never admit of Rivals. And what a sad Case is she in by her Forwardness and Credulity? She has lost her Reputation; both her Husband's and her own Honour, hath buried all her Modesty in the Grave of Infamy, and exposed her self to the virulent Tongues of carping People; her Children will be afflicted and disturbed at the Misfortune of the Mother, the Vexation of the Father, and conse-

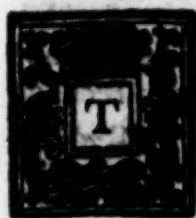
consequently at the Infelicity of both their Parents.

Thus they two, who might have lived comfortably all their Days, by this unlucky Accident, are like to live miserably, to whom length of Days, the greatest Happiness on Earth, will prove their greatest Misery. Marry they must not, dare not: This is one of the desirable Comforts of Matrimony: One of the Enjoyments of a wedded Life: One of the Pleasures of a coupled Condition. They must live asunder without a Re-union, he must die a wedded Widdower, and she a single Wife, an unhappy Mystery to both, and an unfortunate, tho' unheard of Paradox.



## C H A P. X.

*The various Comforts attending a Man's Marrying purely for the sake of a Maidenhead.*



THE Reader cannot but allow, that this Propensity in Nature, is what Mankind chiefly thirsts after; an Enjoyment which forfeits all its Charms with a naked Innocence, and binds the Woman's Heart and Soul to the bold Ravisher, in the most indearing and lasting Bonds of Affection: and therefore we must own it to be a great and prodigious Comfort, which cannot be fully and significantly

cantly exprest: Tho' a late Monarch was pleased to term it a piece of Drudgery more fit for Porters than Princes: But be that as it will, 'tis certain, Mankind are no ways more liable to be deceiv'd in the Enjoyment of any thing, than in this Acquisition: Hence we'll suppose our Young Spark meets with a Young, Comely, Brisk, Handsome Lady, who, going for a pure Virgin, can never long withstand a Suit well managed with Judgment, and well-tim'd with Discretion, (though every Woman of what Complexion soever will permit a Man to screw himself into her Constitution, if she likes him.) Having made many tedious Addresses to her, and laid close Siege to her Chastity, so that the poor thing is able to hold out no longer, but must yield up the Fort, she grants his Request, and exposeth her self to his loose Embraces.

But the worst is to come, this is not all; our supposed Virgin, at Fifteen, is Prolific, and proves with Child, for which there can be no other Remedy than Concealment; and as good Luck would have it, the Mother had been in the Oven before, and understood well enough how to make the best of a bad Market; for the poor Girl knows not that she is with Child, tho' the Mother does, and she has not long to reckon. She pukes every Morning, making strange Grimaces, and complains that her Stomach is untoward, and out of Order: Well, without all Question, saith the Mother, you are with Child; now mind what I am going to say to you; as for your Gallant, I have forbid him the House for ever, he being too mean a Match for you; before,



besure, Hussy, you never open your Lips of this unlucky Jobb to any Christian Soul, and observe punctually what I shall say to you. Did you never take Notice of the Young Esq; that comes here sometimes? Yes, Madam, saith she; well, take special Notice of him, next time, for he has promised to be here to-morrow: Behave your self discreetly, and show him a pleasant Countenance: And when you see me talking with the rest of the Company, dart a favourable Glance upon him, cast a Sheep's Eye at him: Do you understand me, Girl? Yes, Madam, replies Miss Chastity. Observe my Directions: If he then keeps you in Discourse, answer him modestly; if he profers you Marriage, return him Thanks innocently, but withhold give him to understand, that you know not what it is, nor do you desire to learn: If he offers you a present of Gold, or Silver, besure you refuse it harmlessly; but if it be with a Jewel, Diamond, or Ring, do as Maids use to do, deny it modestly at first, say nay, and then take it. When he takes his leave of you, ask him mildly, when you shall see him again?

This beau Spark is but an Inch this side a Natural, has a great Estate, but a meer Town-Fop, whom the Mother will, if possible, work upon to marry her Daughter, so that he is in great danger of being caught in the Net, and finely bubbled. Well, he repeats his Visits, as close as he can, one upon the Neck of the other; is splendidly treated, and after Dinner, withdraws with the young Lady, and complements her apart from the Company; takes her by the Hand, and thus (like a Fool as he is),  
accolts

accosts her ; Madam, I wish with all my Soul, that you knew but the Thoughts of my Heart. Alas ! Sir, that's impossible, unless you discover them ; I hope you think of no harm. Upon my Faith, not I, Madam, nor of any thing but what I would willingly have you know, and that without my telling it. Truly, Sir, saith she, and ushers her Discourse with a charming Smile, I cannot Divine, and therefore 'tis impossible for me to understand you. If I thought, Madam, you would not be displeased, I would faithfully discover them. Sir, replies the young Lady, you have your Freedom to say what you please ; for I have so good an Opinion of you, that I presume you can say nothing but what is commendable and civil. Madam, saith he, I am a Person, I must confess, unworthy to kiss your Hands, and dare not presume to marry you, being a Lady adorn'd with all Nature's Perfection : But if you please to do me the Honour, (expect no Ceremony from me, Madam) I dare boast from my Heart, that I could love you with all my Soul, and that no Man can love you better, nor serve you with that Submission and Affection than I can and will, for I resolve never to forsake you, let what will befall me, and I shall be as tender of your Reputation as my own. I return you thanks, Sir, saith she, but I beseech you cease your Discourse, do not harp upon that String any longer, for I know not what it means, nor will I learn ; therefore pray forbear, since such Discourse would offend my Mother, if it should reach her Ears. Faith, Madam, your Mother is a very good Woman ; but, if you please, your Mother shall know nothing of it ;  
I will

I will be wholly directed by your Commands. Why do you say so, Sir? I am confident it would not be for your Good, neither would your Friends any ways advise you to any such thing: Pray, Sir, forbear this kind of Talk; for if my Mother should hear it, I am utterly undone. Here the Mother gives her a Nod, seeing them both very earnest in Discourse, for fear she should miscarry, and not act her part well. Then the nettled Youth claps a Ring on her Finger, and begs of her to accept it for his sake. Indeed, Sir, I shall not. I beseech you, Madam, wear it for my sake. Well Sir, saith she, at last, since it must be so, then I will wear it upon your account. Then the Mother comes to him, and tells him, to-morrow, Sir, we design to ride a little way out of Town, to take the fresh Air; at which he rejoyceth. When the time of Departure is come, the business is so ordered, that there is never a Horse in the Company carries double but the young Gentleman's, at which he is not a little pleased; so it falls out happily, that his Mistress is set behind him, who hugs the Pummel of her Saddle for her own Security, I leave you to judge whether he likes his Company or no: The Gentleman is very near the Net; for this Journey was only undertaken to catch the young Widgeon; he keeps close to his Mistress, and when the Mother finds an Opportunity, she enquires of her Daughter how Squares go, and she tells her all: From henceforward, saith she, carry yourself discreetly, if he talks of marrying you, tell him, you must acquaint me with it, but withal, that he is the only Man in the World  
you

you love, and that you will never have any but him. Then they take a Walk in the Garden, when he takes her by the Hand, and says, Dear Madam, take Pity of me, I beseech you: Pray Sir, talk no more on't, for if you do, I will forsake your Company: Hear me one Word more without Offence; if you would be pleased to Crown me with this Happiness, I should take it for the greatest Honour that was ever conferr'd upon Mortal. Sir, saith she, it must be proposed to my Relations, or else I can say nothing to't: If I thought they would approve of it, I would propose it my self; for God's sake, saith the cunning Gipsy, have a care that you do not say a word of my proposing any such thing, for I should die through Shame, if any such thing should be said of me. Not I, upon my Faith, Madam, and then away he goes to the Mother; and discourses the Business so respectfully, that it is concluded, and they make up the Match immediately; the sooner the better, all things consider'd, for *Hans in Kelder's* sake: Now the poor Gentleman is in the Net, and no body as yet knows a tittle of it: but at last it comes to the Ears of his Parents, who are grieved to the very Heart, knowing it to be too inferior a Match for their Son: Thus they are wedded in haste, and may repent it at leisure. He was married without Licence, unaskt at Church, without any Ceremony, any way in the World, so that the Business be once over. Well, Night draws on, the Mother takes her Daughter to task, and instils some of her good motherly Instructions into her, relating to her Carriage with her Husband that Night: She charges her to  
put



Put him to it, as a Virgin ought to do; and farther, that as soon as he has entred the Premises, with some feigned Reluctancy on her part, she must fall into a fainting Shriek, as if she had fallen into cold Water in a hot fit. Thus she Tutors her Daughter to deceive the young Pop. All things hitherto are very well, but mark what follows, there is a cursed Sting in the Tail; for within four Months the young Bride groans, and falls all to pieces; it could no longer be hid, a young Babe peeps into the World, and that spoils all. Now all his Joy is converted into Sorrow, and he knows not what to do with himself. He is quite at a Loss: If he turns her away, the whole World will be acquainted with it, and he cannot marry again, and as for her part, she will take care of one. 'Tis an ill Hen that can't scrape for one Chicken. If he keeps her, and cohabits with her, she will never care a Pin for him, nor he for her; there will be no Love lost on either side, I'll be bold to say. Well! *All is well that ends well*, saith the good old Proverb, and so I say too; but from such Comforts in a Marriage State, and from such an End as this, Good Lord deliver all Men.

And thus having ended the many Felicities found in the *State of Matrimony*, which tho' I call them Comforts, are the greatest Plagues and Misfortunes befalling Mankind, I shall close all, with a Satyr against Marriage, Writ by the Earl of *Rochester*, and here design'd as applicable to the worser part of Womankind, that make the Marriage Bed a Bed of Thorns to their Husbands.



A

## SATYR against MARRIAGE.

**H**usband, thou dull unpitied Miscreant,  
 Wedded to Noise, to Misery and Want;  
 Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,  
 Oblig'd to cherish, and to hate thy Wife,  
 Drudge on till Fifty at thy own Expence,  
 Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence.  
 Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night,  
 Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight.  
 Christen thy forward Bantling once a Year,  
 And carefully thy spurious Issue rear.  
 Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,  
 And let the young Impostor drain thy Purse.  
 Hedge-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,  
 Do you maintain, incorrigible Sot.  
 O! I could curse the Pimp (who cou'd do less?)  
 He's beneath Pity, and beyond redress.  
 Pox on him, let him go, What can I say?  
*Anathemas* on him are thrown away;  
 The Wretch is marry'd, and hath known the worst,  
 And his great Blessing is, he can't be curt.  
*Marriage!* O Hell and Furies, name it not,  
 Hence, hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot!  
*Marriage!* 'Tis but a licenc'd Way to Sin,  
 A Noose to catch religious Woodcocks in:  
 Or the Nick-Name of Love's malicious Fiend,  
 Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.  
 'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,  
 Mispender of our Time, our Strength and Wealth,

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The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all  
 That we can Virtuous, Good, or Pleasant call.  
 By Day, 'tis nothing but an endless Noise,  
 By Night, the Eccho of forgotten Joys:  
 Abroad, the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,  
 At home, the hourly Breach of what they vow'd.  
 In Youth, it's *Opium* to our lustful Rage,  
 Which Sleeps a while, but wakes again in Age.  
 It heaps on all Men much, but useless Care,  
 For with more Trouble they less happy are.  
 Ye Gods! That Man, by his own slavish Law,  
 Should on himself such Inconvenience draw.  
 If he would wisely Nature's Laws obey,  
 Those chalk him out a far more pleasant way.  
 When lusty Youth, and flagrant Wine, conspire  
 To fan the Blood into a generous Fire;  
 We must not think the Gallant will endure  
 The Puissant Issue of his Callenture,  
 Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,  
 Tho' Nature's Hand-maid sometimes serves the turn.  
 No, he must have a sprightly youthful Wench,  
 In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench,  
 One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,  
 And in that Circle all his Spirits charms;  
 That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,  
 Can raise his Soul, and reinsnare his Heart.  
 Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,  
 Always begot in Passion and in Heat.  
 But the dull Offspring of the *Marriage* Bed,  
 What is it! but a human piece of Lead;  
 A sottish Lump, ingender'd of all Ills;  
 Begot like Cats, against their Fathers Wills:  
 If it be bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,  
 The Mother's Fears intail'd upon the Child.  
 Thus, whether illegitimate or not,  
 Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.  
 Let no enobled Soul himself debase  
 By Lawful Means to bastardize his Race:  
 But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,  
 To check his eager Passion, let him find

Some willing Female out; What tho' she be  
 The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy;  
 Tho' she be Linsey-Woolsey, Bawd and Whore,  
 Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-shore,  
 Impudent, Foolish, Bawdy, and Disease,  
 The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices;  
 What then? she's better than a Wite by half,  
 And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.  
 With Whores thou canst but venture: What thou'lt lose,  
 May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost;  
 But a damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,  
 Destroys Soul, Body, Credit, and Estate.

## F I N I S.

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